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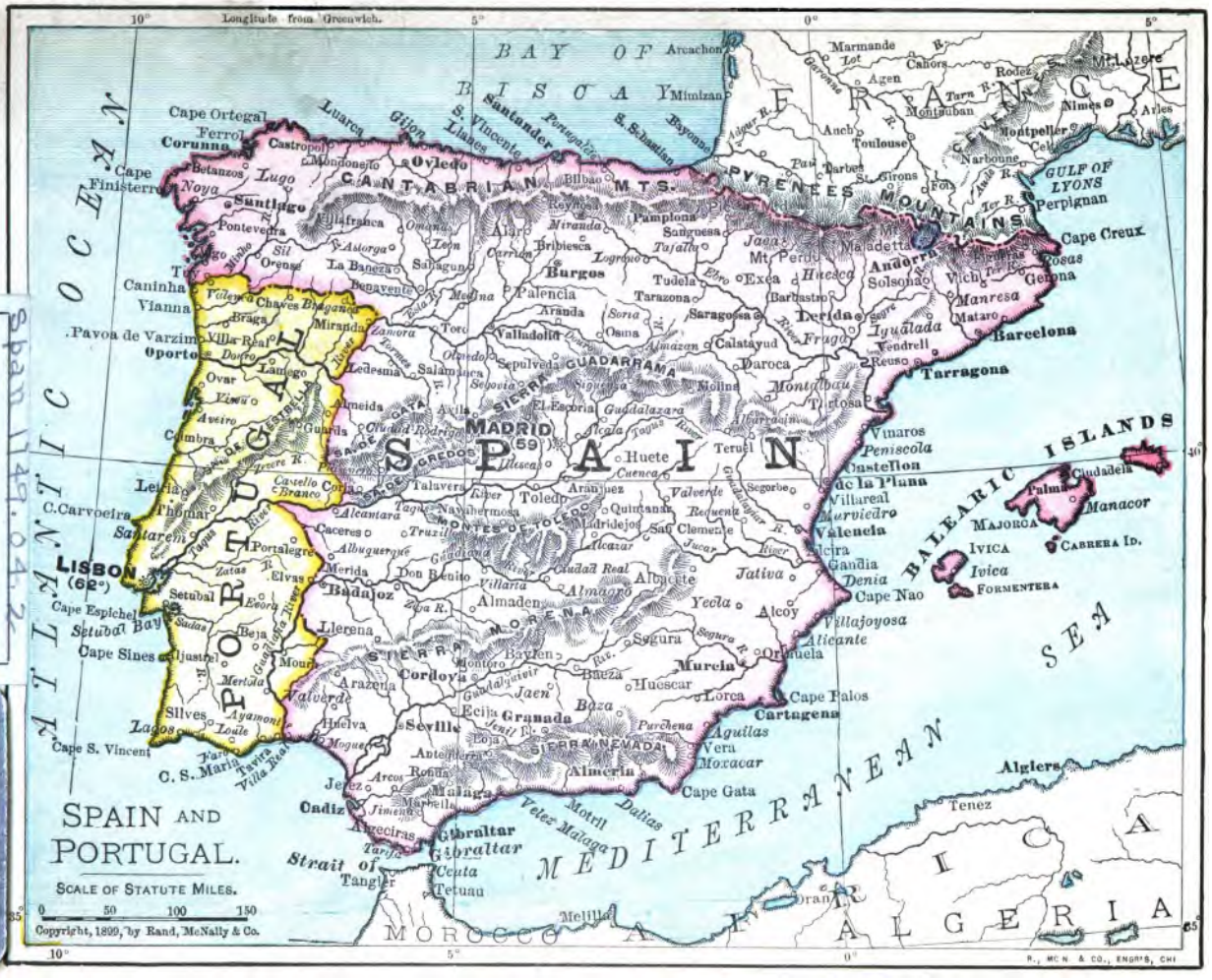

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TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN

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TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN

BY

JEROME HART

NEW EDITION

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Prefatory

OURNEYS made rapidly result in rapid impressions; they may not be profound, but they at least are vivid. A long sojourn in a foreign land sometimes dulls the sharpness of one's visual pictures. These pen-sketches, taken on the wing, may not be very valuable, but they are not wholly valueless; they are not unlike the snap-shot photos which accompany them. For the snap-shots are not art, and the pen-sketches are not literature, but both may interest.

If what is written here is mainly light, it is because we saw mainly the lighter side of life; if what is written here is pleasantry, it is because our experiences were pleasant; if I do not write of brigand-

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age, it is because we saw no brigands; if I do not write of religious bigotry, it is because we saw of it only the gorgeous churches which are supported by the squalid poor; if I do not write of monarchical weakness, of official corruption, it is because I could judge of none of these things, being only a bird of passage. In short, the reader will find in these pages nothing about religion, revolutions, or politics. Concerning the first two, more serious and more valuable books discuss them; concerning Spanish politics, even Spaniards say they do not understand them, and I doubt whether foreigners ever can.

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Note

Only a few months have elapsed since the first printing of this book, therefore the text in the second edition remains unchanged. Putting it through the press again, however, has given opportunity to add largely to the number of illustrations.

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Crossing the Pyrenees

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Crossing the Pyrenees

WHEN we first conceived the idea of a tour in Spain, we excited the surprise and concern of our fellow-dwellers on the Riviera. With one voice they said, "Don't go." They told us terrible tales of fierce brigands, of persistent beggars, of stone-throwing urchins, of blood-thirsty Iberian fleas, of omnipresent garlic, of omnipotent oil, of slovenly slaveys, of slatternly scullions, of unclean hotels, of extortionate railway fares, of slow railway trains, of exasperating custom-houses.

When this liturgy of woe was chanted to us, we were temporarily appalled. But when we asked our warning friends if they spoke from personal experience, the invariable reply was: " No, but I was told "— or, " Everybody knows that "— or, " I once knew a man who said ".... In short, we found no one among the Riviera dwellers who had traveled in

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Spain. So we protested that travelers' tales must come at first hand. But here a gaunt English spinster, with old-gold hair and a polka-dot complexion, shook her head warningly and said, "You forget the Globus Trottuses."

Our faces fell. We had indeed. The Globus Trottuses, who were stopping at another Riviera hotel, had in truth "done Spain" the year before. In the course of their peninsular travels the curious cookery of Spain had given Mrs. Globus Trottus such a case of acute indigestion that Mr. Globus Trottus suffered from reflex insomnia. But on closely investigating the Globus Trottuses' tale of woe, I found that they had in every case put up at the most expensive hotels, where the cookery was not Spanish but French. Hence the resultant indigestion, even if picked up in Spain, was distinctly not Iberian, but Gallic. So we resolved to cross the Rubicon —or, rather, the Pyrenees.

But even when we had finally determined to make our daring journey into unknown Spain, we hesitated, we dallied, we lingered by the way, we left France reluctantly. On various pretexts we paused

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— first at Marseilles, which is a great seaport, and therefore perhaps interesting to commercial travelers, but not to ordinary ones. Still, Marseilles is not to be spoken of lightly as a place to visit. Her street, the Cannebière, is the finest boulevard in the world — according to the Marseillais — while her principal dish, bouillabaisse, is the finest concoction in the world — also according to the Marseillais. All men know Thackeray's "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," even if they do not know bouillabaisse. It is a sort of glorified chowder. I ate some of it once down at Manhanset, on the east end of Long Island. It was practically the same thing as bouillabaisse, except that it contained no garlic, and the hard-fisted Yankee sailors who made it called it fish-chowder. They also erected on that same day a pyramid of good things to eat, which they called a "clam-bake," and they also "planked" shad, which had a taste leaving golden memories. Yes, that Long Island clam-bake was better than any Marseilles bouillabaisse.

Marseilles has a system of magnificent harbors, in which float the flags of nearly all nations except our own. The United States

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consul there said that but one American merchant-ship had entered it for a year.

Over other points in Southern France we lingered. There was Arles, famous for its beautiful women—one of whom Bizet made the heroine of his opera, "L'Arlésienne," to which Daudet wrote the book. Then there was Tarascon, which Daudet, single-handed, made famous. It seemed odd to descend at the station, bearing the legend "Tarascon," and find it a busy, bustling town. After Daudet's droll book, one unconsciously looks upon Tarascon merely as a municipal joke. Then there is Avignon, made famous by the "Great Schism," and the long residence there of the expatriated Popes of Rome. And Nimes, another quaint city, in which we stopped at the Inn of the White Horse, a delightfully old-fashioned place, with stone floors, high beds, consisting, like the German ones, exclusively of feather-bolsters, and which were made agreeable to your occupancy by long-handled, brass warming-pans. This city of Nimes contains a "ruined" Roman amphitheatre, which is so little ruined that it looks as if it were constructed only a few decades ago. It is, in truth, the best-preserved remnant

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of the Roman times. There are many monuments of the Gallo-Roman epoch still standing at Nimes, of which her burghers are very proud. This fair land of Provence was as popular with the Romans of the imperial time as it is to-day with the descendants of the northern Gauls, whom they subdued.

From Nimes south through the other old cities of Montpellier, Cette, Narbonne, and Perpignan, we passed. They are on the edge of a fertile "back-country" of vineyards and olive-orchards, which land is cut up with bays, lagoons, and estuaries from the Mediterranean.

This country of France is a marvel—its resources seem inexhaustible. I can compare it with no more favored land, unless it be our own rich State of California, and that is in so undeveloped a condition that a comparison seems absurd. Few who have not traveled in Southern and Central France know of her vast system of canals and canalized rivers. Many persons spend months or years in Paris, yet know nothing of the vast *bassins* in that city from which canals radiate, binding all parts of France to the great heart of the capital. These canals run into rivers con-

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necting those of the watersheds north, south, and west. Through many of these small streams—we at home would call them creeks —you will see little tow-boats puffing, grunting, and lifting up a heavy chain from the canalized river-bed, winding it round a drum, and thus towing long lines of barges with a most economical expenditure of power. How long, I wonder, will it be before we in California will thus utilize our water-ways artificially? Half a century has passed under American occupancy, and the first step in this direction remains to be taken.

At various times, from various directions, we have traveled toward Paris—from Cherbourg on the north-west, from Havre, from Calais, from Boulogne on the north, from Lausanne and from Lucerne on the east, from Turin and Mont Cenis, from Genoa and Ventimille on the south-east—but this is the first time that we have traveled over the true "Midi"—that part of France which lies between the Rhone and the Pyrenees. It is a revelation — its richness and its resources. The whole of France from Finisterre to Ventimille, from Dunkirk to Bordeaux, is or has been made a mighty garden.

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Ah, what might not California be with similar industry, with such intelligent toil? Let us not say "might be." Let us rather say "may be," and hope that the next generation may see it done, even if we do not.

It is not gratifying to a far Westerner's pride to see handsome railway stations built of cut stone, with fine steel-trussed roofs spanning the tracks, and with steel viaducts running from the stations, across the streets, in sixth-rate towns like Narbonne, Nimes, Montpellier, and Cette. When one reflects on the size and importance of some of our pushing Western cities, it shocks his Western pride to find these "slow European towns" so far ahead of us in railway improvements.

Apropos of Western railways, a curious sight to a Californian is the number of tank-cars along the sidings in this part of Southern France. These are not cars for water or for oil, but for wine! One may see miles and miles of them in traveling from Marseilles to the Spanish frontier. It is a striking object-lesson, and gives one an idea of the

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enormous output of wine in France. Cette, by the way, is one of the great points for the handling and blending of cheap wines. The consumption of wine in Europe is almost universal, and the sale of cheap wines is therefore much more common than with us. Bread and wine are the two staples. All over Southern Europe you can buy a bottle of red wine for ten cents and less. Cette handles millions of gallons of this kind of wine, and makes more money out of it than by handling thousands of gallons of expensive wine. This is a hint to our California wine men. They put an almost prohibitory price on table claret, so-called. If they wish the wine-drinking habit to become more diffused, as in Europe, they ought to make the table-wines so cheap that poor people can drink them.

In Europe, they take up your tickets at the end of a railway journey, instead of taking them up at the beginning, or en route, as in our country. Occasionally some rash American violates this rule, with what result is rarely known. Some years ago a daring

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American student jumped on a German train near Potsdam after it was in motion. The train was stopped by telegraph at the next station, and the American was put in the Potsdam tank, where he remained for some months, until our State Department with great difficulty got him out. This gives one an idea of the strictness of the railway regulations in Europe.

Our tickets read from Marseilles to Nimes, from Nimes to Montpellier, from Montpellier to Cette, from Cette to Narbonne, with stop-over privileges. Just as we were about to leave Cette, an old railway porter, whom I had hired to guard our compartment while we were at luncheon, observed me putting in my ticket-case the tickets marked "Montpellier to Cette." He became much excited.

"Why, Monsieur," he cried, "you are leaving Cette, yet you have not given up your Cette tickets."

"True," I replied, indifferently, "I forgot to hand them in, and it is too late now."

"No, no," he cried, "it is not too late. Give them to me, Monsieur," and he ran as fast as he could to the ticket-puncher. Presently he returned with a beaming face, and an-

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nounced that the tickets had been punched and given up — this just as our train was steaming away.

The curious workings of the European mind often cause one to wonder. But this caused me to wonder more than ever. If I had not already paid the porter, I could understand that this excessive zeal might be caused by the hope of a larger tip. But I had already paid him, and everything was settled between us. It was purely his desire that everything should be done decently and in railway order. His automatic railway mind recoiled at the idea of a passenger carrying the Cette ticket beyond Cette. In short, the old man was completely railwayized.

As we whirled out of Cette and into the open country, I mused as I leaned back. I said to myself, what could have happened to me had I failed to give up my Cette ticket? We are nearing the Spanish frontier and in not many minutes we shall be out of France. Would they have stopped me by telegraph? How would they identify me? Would my guilty demeanor point me out? Would a French gendarme come and get me and take me back to France? Would they extradite

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me from the Spanish authorities? In short, would I have got arrested? Very likely. But it is an intricate point of international law, and I have not yet been able to settle it to my satisfaction.

We are leaving sunny France. We are about to enter Spain by the gate of the Pyrenees.

There is a beautiful poem by Pierre Ronsard, one of the elder French poets, in which he sings most sweetly the farewell of France to Mary Stuart when she was quitting it for the bleak coasts of Scotland:

"Toi qui a vue l'excellence de celle
Qui rend le ciel de l'Ecosse envieux,
Dy hardiment:—Contentez-vous, mes yeux,
Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle."

I would like to indite as touching a farewell to France as was France's farewell to Mary, Queen of Scots, now that we are leaving it for the semi-civilized cuisine of Spain. But, unlike Ronsard, my thoughts do not rise above the material things of life. Had I his pen I would sing the excellence of France, which renders envious the cuisine of Spain.

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And I would, like him, say boldly: "Be content, mine eyes — never will you see aught finer than the food of France."

All lovers of good eating cross the Hispano-Franco frontier with trepidation. They are like the gladiators who defiled before the imperial Cæsar in his purple-hung pavilion, crying, "Hail, Cæsar! We who are about to die salute thee."

So timid travelers, leaving France for Spain, might defile before a great gastronome like Brillat-Savarin, crying mournfully, "Ave, chef! We who are about to eat in Iberia, salute thee," and, thus wailing, they take up their moûrnful pilgrimage across the Pyrenees.

Possessed am I with a similar feeling as I leave the smiling meadows, the fat and juicy herds, the fragrant vintages, the appetizing dishes of fair Southern France. It is with me not only a fond farewell, but a food farewell. I make it at once a benison, an oraison, and a farewell. My Inner Man cries out:

Farewell, land of good cheer!

Farewell, fat fowls of France!

Farewell, poulet, poulard, perdrix, perdreau!

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Farewell, young broiler and maturer hen!

Farewell, plump partridge and tender quail!

Farewell, fat capons with rich force-meats lined!

Farewell to dinde, dindon, and dindonneau!

Farewell to gobbler, turkey-chick, and turkey-hen!

Here I recall that touching line which makes my lips water, as I set my face toward Spain:

Didon dina du dos d'un dodu dindon— "Dido dined off the back of a plump turkey."

Turkey's back—oyster-piece! M-m-m-m! Ah!

Farewell, canard and caneton!

Voltaire left Holland joyfully crying: "Farewell, land of canaux, canards, canaille!"

But one must leave France regretfully, for while there may be *canaille* there, yet are there also certainly *canards*. When I think of the ducks and ducklings, brown, succulent, crisp, and toothsome, that have turned up their toes and presented their plump bosoms for my inspection these recent days, I think

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of Spain and weep. I am told that the chickens there are made of leather and wire.

Farewell, well-fed France !

Farewell, fair land of honey, wine, and oil.

And eke of truffles and champignons.

Not to mention pâté de foie gras.

And golden omelettes.

And bouillabaisse.

And sauces.

And soups.

We are going to another and a barbarous land — a land where it is not ever afternoon, but ever morning — to-morrow morning — or the day after to-morrow morning — the Land of Mañana. A land where they serve you cold fish for dinner. Where you get hot meats on cold plates. Where their favorite dishes are *olla podrida* — " rotten pot " — and *gaspacho* — a mixture of stew and hash. Where they use oil in everything but salad. Where the gridiron has never been known except for broiling heretics. A land where everything is fried.

Knowest thou the land where blows the garlic-bloom ?

'Tis there, oh, 'tis there that we go.

Pray for us !

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It is difficult for Americans, who can travel without change for thousands of miles over our own vast country, to conceive how sudden and complete a change may be found at the frontiers in Europe. At times it seems fantastic. But the change is the most natural thing in the world, for the frontier is more often than not a great mountain range. Such is the case with the frontier between France and Spain. Napoleon once said boastfully, "There are no more Pyrenees." But the mighty range still frowns on France, while Napoleon's dynasty is fallen. The Pyrenees still exist for France, practically as well as metaphorically. If you look at the railway map, you will see scores of red lines curving down from France toward and into the mountain range. But these red lines stop when they reach the row of black spurs; that is to say, all stop except two — one at the extreme east, and another at the extreme west of the Pyrenees. The isolation of Spain is shown most clearly in these pictures on the railway map. You can pass out of France by scores of avenues; you can pass from France into Spain by only two.

The doorway by which we entered is called

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Port Bou. When you leave Cerbère on the French frontier, your train runs into a half-mile tunnel on French rails and with French officials, and you emerge on Spanish soil to be received by soldiers, civil guards, and custom-house officers in the quaint and picturesque red-and-yellow uniforms of Spain.

Here begin surprises, for of all the terrible things told us, the first — the dreaded customs examination — did not come true. We found the customs-officials very lenient. They gave us much less discomfort than we have experienced on the piers in New York from the customs-officers of Uncle Sam — who makes his wandering citizens swear to a declaration, and then makes his officers attempt to prove them to be perjured liars. But that is a sore subject. Let it go.

The second surprise was the fine train into which we stepped. It had better cars than those of the Paris-Lyons line, which we had just left. They were corridor cars, rather wider than the French — the Spanish gauge is one foot broader — lighted with electric lights, and warmed with steam-pipes instead of clumsy foot-warmers on the floor. The coaches were luxuriously upholstered, and the

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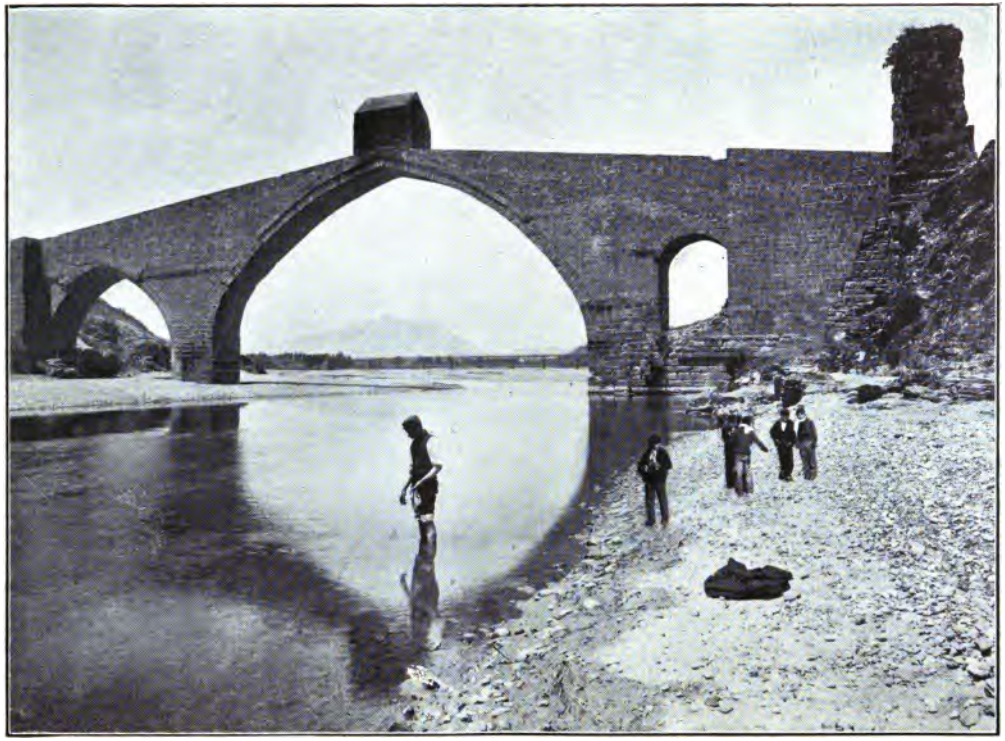

BRIDGE BETWEEN THE FRONTIER AND BARCELONA.

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trains ran smoothly and easily. They are not so fast, perhaps, as those of the United States, but fast enough for travelers who are not in a violent hurry. I may add that all the Spanish trains we took left and arrived on time. I have taken a good many "fast trains" in the United States, and they do not invariably arrive according to schedule. I have sometimes come in on a "cannon-ball" or "lightning" train all the way from an hour to four hours late. Once on a transcontinental run the "lightning express" was eight hours late before it had gone a thousand miles. The Spanish railways do not make large claims, but the trains seem to arrive when they say they will. Of the two kinds of train, I think I prefer a slow one which arrives according to the time-table, rather than a "cannon-ball limited," which arrives according to the will of God.

The railway carriages on many of the trains are like the modern compartment carriages one sees in Switzerland and South Germany. Others are like the American railway cars. In the one case the ticket-takers pass along the side corridor, in the other through the centre aisle. The old-fashioned carriage

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where the guard walks along a footboard outside, do not seem to be so numerous as in Italy.

One of the points for which I heard Spanish railways most abused was the checking of luggage. We had no trouble with our luggage. It is true there is a charge for excess luggage, as there is in most European countries. But if you cut down your luggage to what is strictly necessary, instead of what is strictly superfluous, you will find this charge trifling. Otherwise, the luggage arrangements are about as they are in other countries — your hotel conductor will take your things to the luggage office, book them, and return with a paper check stamped by a government official, bearing the exact charge for extra luggage, if any. You pay him a trifle for his trouble, putting the paper check in your pocket; when you arrive at your destination you unlock your luggage for custom-house or octroi officials, if required; then give the paper check to the new hotel conductor, who will send the luggage to your rooms.

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The change in the scenery, when we had crossed the frontier, was most marked. The smiling fields of France gave place to stern and rugged rocks and crags overlooking carefully tilled valleys here and there. There is something indescribably melancholy about these hills of Spain. Many of them are tower-crowned. Once before we had seen these watch-towers — precautions against pirates by land and sea — when we were skirting the Spanish coast from Gibraltar to Genoa.

We have just left the " old " part of France, that is, the part which most abounds in Roman ruins, and which was most densely populated in the Gallo-Roman times. But the "old" towns of France and Italy, beside these wasted, gaunt, and weather-worn Spanish cities, seem new. The Spanish towns resemble fungoid growths out of the rocks and crags on which they cling. This may sound exaggerated, but it is not. The calcareous rocks are gaunt and gray, and out of them grow houses which are gray and gaunt. They seem old, wasted, wan. Many of these ancient vil-

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lages are windowless and deserted; some are partly deserted; some are inhabited only by gypsies and other nomads.

Another notable change in crossing the frontier is the difference in the highways. France is famous for the excellence of her roads. They are indeed superb. Nothing could be finer than the national highways of France. But the roads of Spain can scarcely be called roads. They are ruts, trails, quagmires—not roads. Yet, bad as they are, they seem indescribably familiar to me. I seem to have seen roads very like them before, and very often. I wonder where?

One of the largest towns between the frontier and Barcelona is Gerona, a cathedral-town of some sixteen thousand inhabitants. It is most picturesquely situated between two rivers. There is little to see in Gerona except the cathedral, but as there are finer cathedrals in Spain, we did not stop.

As the train paused at the station, I determined to try my Spanish for the first time in Spain. A small boy was standing on the plat-

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INNER HARBOR OF BARCELONA.

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form, eating dry bread. This in itself was odd—an American boy would have scorned anything but bread and butter. I said to him, *"Como se llama esta ciudad?"* ("What is the name of this place?") with my best Castilian accent. The small boy paused in his munching, stared at me, and replied, *"Cinco minutos."* He thought I wanted to know how long the train stopped there, and told me it was five minutes.

This was very painful. My first experiment in Spanish in Spain was a complete failure. But in the next compartment was a group of Spanish ladies and gentlemen, and one of them, leaning out of the open window, said to the boy, "The gentleman did not ask you how long we stop here, but what is the name of the place." The boy immediately shouted at me "Gerona," and I heard him confiding to a comrade that I must be crazy—"*Un loco Ingles*"—not to know the name of Gerona. To him it was the greatest city in the world, and he thought that any one who did not know its name must certainly be mad. Well, there are a great many people like him all over the world, and some of them are grown up, too.

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But there were more surprises in Spain than these surprises on the train from the frontier. The most surprising thing of all was Barcelona. We had been told that Spain was decrepit, decaying, and degenerate. Perhaps she is, but Barcelona is not so. She is a handsome, well-built, modern city. She has a unique Gothic cathedral, many handsome mediæval buildings, fine streets, fine boulevards, magnificent artificial harbors with cut-stone jetties constituting an inner and an outer port, solid fortifications commanding the city and the sea, and last, but not least, a system of schools, public and private, which is amazing. All over the big city you see fine stone buildings devoted to public instruction, while in addition to this there are private schools of every kind. There are business colleges, young ladies' seminaries, engineering schools, schools of navigation, and other special schools of various kinds, while the number of night schools for those who work by day is astounding. There is a fine public garden or park containing a noteworthy zoölogical collection, together with a botanical garden which is the pride of Barcelona.

Still another surprise was the appearance

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SPANISH SOLDIERS IN A BARCELONA SQUARE.

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of the Spanish soldiers to be seen in Barcelona streets. We had been told so often that the Spanish army was neglected and unpaid, its officers corrupt, and its soldiers barefoot, that it was rather startling to see the trim and handsomely uniformed troops we found there, both officers and men. Barcelona is not a devoted monarchical city, and is looked upon by the court of Madrid as a hot-bed of radicalism, not to say anarchy. Therefore the city is favored with an unusually large garrison. I was told on good authority that something like ten thousand men were stationed at Fort Montjuich, and at other points around the city. I do not know whether they were special *corps d'élite,* but I do know that they were very handsomely accoutred; in their black-glazed caps, their well-fitting footgear, their pipe-clayed white bandoliers, their shining black belts for sword or bayonet, they offered a sharp contrast to the somewhat slouchy-looking soldiery we had seen in the south of France. For the French soldier of the line is not well clad. His coarse tunic and still coarser red trousers do not fit; they are far inferior to the neat uniforms of the English and German soldiers, while the coarse brogans

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upon his feet are almost as clumsy as the sabots of the peasantry.

Once in Naples I was in the convent of San Martino, which is on a high hill overlooking the city. We had only two days to spend in Naples, and therefore had a guide. As we looked over the big town — nearly half a million inhabitants — I was struck with the utter absence of smoke in the clear winter air. I knew that the inhabitants used charcoal for cooking purposes, and used no fuel at all for heating purposes, warming themselves entirely by the reminiscences of summer. But the utter absence of any tall mill or factory chimneys rather surprised me. I questioned the guide about it. The guide did not in the least understand what I meant, and the more I questioned him the less he understood what I was talking about.

" But," queried I, " how do all these people live? Do they manufacture nothing? Do they not make things? Where do they get their money to buy food? "

The guide paused in wonder. The question had never occurred to him before. After

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COLUMBUS MONUMENT, MONTJUICH IN THE BACKGROUND.

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thinking many minutes he at last said, "Oh, Signore, I think it must be the *forestieri*" — the strangers.

He was right — Naples has no manufactories, no industries. She lives on the stranger within her gates. How true this is was proved to me the other day by an article in an Italian newspaper, whose editor spoke of the anxiety with which the Italian Government views the question of the unemployed in Naples. "The government has good reason to regard the matter with anxiety," said the editor, "for there are, continually, over one hundred and fifty thousand unemployed people in that city."

Among Latin cities no more striking contrast could be found than Naples and Barcelona. Standing on the heights of Montjuich, looking toward the Barceloneta, tall chimneys rise in the city on every hand; from the many suburbs of the city, and all over the vast plain stretching from the town to the Sierra, yet other chimneys may be seen, belching forth their smoke by day and their fire by night. For Barcelona is a manufacturing city. She imports raw materials and sends them out as manufactured goods — what we ought to do

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in California, now that we have water-harnessed electric power and cheap fuel. Instead of that, we import nearly everything we drink and wear, and even much of what we eat. Think of California importing preserved fruits! — but she does.

Barcelona's harbor, commanded by the castle of Montjuich, and extending from the fort to the Barceloneta, has many natural advantages, but these are added to by artificial harbors. The Barceloneta, by the way, is an entire suburb, containing scores of thousands of people, who were moved bodily to this peninsula many years ago.

In wandering around the Barcelona docks I was curious to see whence came the vast piles of cotton-bales. They were from such widely separated points as New Orleans, Savannah, and Alexandria. Barcelona manufactures large quantities of textile fabrics, with which she supplies not only her idle sister cities in Spain, but foreign cities as well. Many other industries are found there — among them iron-foundries and boiler-shops. The ring of the hammer of Tubal Cain is heard on the Barcelona water-front. I noticed that they had a fine belt-railway running round the

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water-front of Barcelona. Our people have been talking about a belt-railway in San Francisco for the last quarter of a century. I hope we may have one in the next quarter of a century, and thus take a leaf out of the book of one of the cities of "slow, old Spain."

I was so much struck by the number of ships in the fine harbor of Barcelona that I looked in the morning paper to learn something about her maritime traffic. I found that during the month of January there were one hundred and fifty arrivals of steamers, while twenty-seven steamers of *regular lines* cleared from Barcelona for Porto Rico, Cuba, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Mexico, ports in the United States, Rio de la Plata, ports in the Brazils, ports in the Philippines, ports in the Canary Islands, and ports on the west coast of South America and Central America. This long list did not include any of the numerous tramp-steamers and sailing-vessels.

Another surprise in Spain was that, in the first large Spanish city we visited, many natives did not speak Spanish. This sounds

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absurd, but it is none the less true. In Barcelona, many of the shopkeepers speak Catalan only. They do not call themselves Spaniards, but Catalans. The signs on the shops are largely Catalan — such as "The Catalan Jewelry Palace," "The Catalan Market." Many of the books in the book-stores are printed in Catalan, and the most popular newspaper is the *Cry of Catalonia.*

For tourists who speak only a little Spanish it is embarrassing, on entering a shop in Spain, to find that the shopkeeper speaks even less. It is all the more embarrassing, because the shopkeeper is generally reluctant to admit the fact, while the tourist is not sufficiently strong in Spanish to know what is the matter with the embarrassed shopkeeper.

Many believe that the two languages resemble one another so strongly that they are almost identical. This is an error. The written languages are very similar, but not the spoken tongue. I can read the Catalan newspapers almost as easily as those in Spanish, but the oral Catalan I can not understand at all. For that matter, the Spanish spoken in Spain varies greatly in different districts. That spoken in Castile is more easily understood by

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the stranger than that spoken in the other provinces.

There are those who think that Spanish is an "easy language." So it is — that is, to acquire a smattering of it — probably the easiest of modern languages. But the written language is a difficult one. A trite illustration of that is in the two forms of the verb "to be" — *ser* and *estar* — one implies permanent qualities, the other transitory ones. "This child is sick" — you use the transitory verb. "This child is sickly" — you use the permanent one. "This child is sick, but she is not a sickly child" — here you use first one, then the other. Fancy what shades of meaning these two verbs convey to the Spanish mind. But also fancy what ludicrous turns must be given by foreigners to their Spanish speech.

To wind up this dry subject, let me say that I do not believe any one not a born Spaniard ever could or ever can understand the Spanish subjunctive mood. I so told a courteous Spanish priest whom I met on the train. He was much interested in the matter, took down my address, and said that he would send me a few lines on the subject. He did. He sent me

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a letter of sixteen pages. When I had finished reading it, I understood the Spanish subjunctive mood less than before.

Even the amusements are tinged with Catalan provincialism. The Barcelona theatres are devoted to Catalonia. Even in the opera running at the Teatro Novedades, they gave more prominence to "the celebrated Catalan tenor, Manuel Utor," than to the opera "L'Africana," by "Maestro Meyerbeer." This company was made up entirely of Catalans, including the orchestra conductor. At the Teatro Principal, they were playing the drama taken from Tolstoy's novel, "Resurrection," recently running in Paris. At the Teatro Catalan, they were giving a play in three acts by "a celebrated Catalan playwright," played in the Catalan language; in this there were choruses by a Catalan singing society.

Another theatre, the Granvia, was giving a series of concerts made up of works by Catalan composers; the highest-priced place at this theatre cost five dollars. At the Teatro de Cataluña, they were playing "Hidalguia Rustica," a Spanish translation of Mascagni's opera. At the Teatro Nuevo Retiro, a trans-

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lation of " La Tosca," by Sardou, was on the boards. At the Teatro Las Delicias, they were playing a piece entitled " Katipunan "; this is the Tagalog name of the mysterious oath-bound order which has given so much trouble to our government in the Philippines. The play was announced as being " under the patronage of the Liberal Press of Barcelona," and was dedicated " to the memory of Don José Rizal, the Philippine martyr."

Lest Americans should look on this as an attack on our government's policy in the Philippines, I may add that Rizal was made a martyr by the Spanish government, and not by ours. He was a Filipino rebel against Spain, and was shot before the United States took possession of the Philippines.

There were three cinematographs on exhibition in Barcelona. All had pictures of the funeral of Sagasta, each of which was " the only one in all Spain." They also gave a number of scenes in Morocco, where a widespread revolt was attracting much attention throughout Spain.

There were two circuses running in Barcelona; at one of them, while we were there, a benefit was given for " the Volunteers of the

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African Campaign of 1860." It seems that of the famous battalion of the Catalan Volunteers of the African War, only seventeen veterans remain; the day they celebrated was the forty-third anniversary of the taking of Tetuan. The papers devoted much space to it, and told how General Prim was received by the general-in-chief of the army of Africa, Don Leopoldo O'Donnell; they also reprinted the speech of General Prim to his compatriots on the eve of the battle. He addressed them as Catalans, bade them uphold the honor of Catalonia, urged them to show the African Army how the brave Catalonians can die, and told them that their mothers and sisters in Catalonia were contemplating them with pride. The *Diario* remarked that the volunteers " did indeed reflect great honor on their native country, Catalonia."

It was notable how strong seemed to be the sentiment of local patriotism in Barcelona. Newspapers and theatres attempt to reflect public opinion, and from the foregoing it may be seen that the people in Catalonia are not Spaniards, but Catalans. I noticed only one theatre which even tolerated the term " Spanish "; it called itself the " Teatro Español,"

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and ostentatiously announced that it gave Spanish dances and songs, and Spanish *zarzuelas,* or musical farces. But its artists were neither Catalan nor Spanish, they were all from Southern France.

One night during our stay, an opera troupe gave "Rigoletto" at the Liceo, a theatre said to contain more auditors than any in Europe. Compared with the San Carlo in Naples, and La Scala in Milan, it certainly seats more. The artists who sung "Rigoletto" were French, and their names are not familiar to me. The company was only a mediocre one, but the audience seemed much pleased with it.

The most important newspapers in Barcelona are the *Diario de Barcelona* and *El Diluvio;* these sheets look like almanacs, being made up in pages of octavo size; they contain theatrical and local news in brief, many dispatches from Madrid, but very few foreign telegrams. Their commercial news seems to be quite full. They are so convenient in size that you find them consulted in offices in preference to the larger sheets. This is a straw,

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indicating the tendency toward smaller pages in daily journalism. It will be remembered that Alfred Harmsworth, when he issued his experimental edition of the New York *World*, chose a small size of page; it was very like these Barcelona papers. You find sold on the streets the principal papers of Madrid and Paris. In the Barcelona newspapers there are many "displayed advertisements" of death-notices. When an important person dies, his death-notice is printed in triple column, in large black type. Here is a specimen:

"The Excellent Señor Benito Fariña y Cisneros, Governor of the Bank of Spain, Grand Cavalier of the Cross of Isabella the Catholic, died on the 10th of January, 1903, at 2:40 P. M., having received the Holy Sacraments and the Apostolic Benediction. His Excellency the Minister of the Interior, the Governor and the Council of the Bank of Spain, the most worthy widow Señora Carolina Rubia Santillan, his political associates, and his family, beg his friends that they recommend him to God, and that they will assist at the funeral mass for the repose of his soul, which will take place in the Parish church of San José, on Saturday, at half-past nine in the morning. The Nuncio of his Holiness the Pope, the most Eminent Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the most Excellent Archbishops of Burgos and Madrid, Sion and Avila, have granted one hundred days of indulgence, the first two in the accustomed form."

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BARCELONA BOOK-SHOPS

The book-shops in Barcelona are filled with publications of a practical nature. It gives one an idea of the importance of this city as a commercial centre, and of the richness of the resources of the province around it. One day in glancing over the books in a book-seller's window I saw elaborate treatises on these topics:

Orange-growing and the making of products from the orange, such as candied peel, crystallized orange, orange marmalade, etc.

The manufacture of terra-cotta products.

Floriculture.

Mechanical engineering.

Natural and artificial wines—how to make them, to color them, to give them body, etc.

Olive-growing and pickling, the manufacture of olive-oil, its exportation, and " how to maintain the market for Catalan olive products against the competition of France and Italy in the markets of the world."

Fruit-trees, their growth, and the marketing of their products.

Soap and perfumery manufacture.

Confectionery-making.

Taxidermists' manual.

Preserving fruits, fish, meats, milk, vegetables, etc., and marketing the goods.

Drying of fruits, vegetables, etc., and marketing the goods.

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The manufacture of ices, sherbets, punches, etc.

Coffee, vanilla, cocoa, and tea — their cultivation, preparation, and exportation.

The manufacture of bread, of which there are many kinds made in Spain. (There is money in bread: a Chicago millionaire made his money manufacturing bread, and afterward had a fine time spending it in running daily newspapers.)

Forest culture.

The growing of sugar-cane.

Manufacture of sugar.

The raising of fowls.

Practical electricity.

Ammonia and ammonia compounds.

Animal fats and oils.

Dyeing cotton fabrics.

Testing of yarns and textile fabrics.

Spirit and oil varnishes, drying and boiling oils.

Chemical jurisprudence, including the analysis of ashes, the examination of stains, and the detection of poisons.

Chemistry of essential oils and perfumes.

All of these books were published and printed in Barcelona, many of them in the Catalan language.

Winter is not the bull-fighting season in northern Spain, but in Barcelona, as in other cities, bull-fights called *novilladas* take place out of season.

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There was such an affair during our stay, the *Diario* describing it as follows:

"At the head of the *cuadrilla* appeared a fat man with curled-up mustaches. He calls himself 'Capitillo,' but is only a Frenchman from Toulouse. If this gentleman has come to Spain to show off his ability in this line, he had better go back again. When the bull appeared, the French *torero* executed a frantic dance in front of the animal, trying to give him the stroke, but the Frenchman finally was thrown down and wounded, and was dragged off amid the hisses of the public."

Another fight is thus headed: "Four Bulls in the Ring and Three Bull-Fighters in the Hospital." In the account a description is given of the serious wounding of three *novios,* and of the wild hissing of the public as the amateurs were dragged out.

I have read many descriptions of bull-fights by American and English writers, in which they express a desire to see a bull-fighter killed instead of the bull. If any traveler cherishes such feelings, I would advise him to visit Barcelona in winter and witness a *novillada,* and he may have his wish gratified.

The naïve way in which Spaniards look on bull-fighting is evidenced by the fact that a

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bull-fight was once given in Madrid, so the story goes, for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This mental attitude to us seems as ludicrous as it is incomprehensible. Yet it is a factor in the Spanish character.

The Spanish character is a strange mixture. Its peculiarities are probably due to the blending of blood. Ethnologists say that the ancient Phœnicians colonized in Hispania, sailing thence for Hibernia. In the Basque provinces many of the natives certainly bear a startling resemblance to the Celtic type. What the original Iberian stock may have been is not known. The Basques are believed, by many ethnologists, to be autochthones. But the inhabitants of the other parts of the peninsula differ radically from the Basques. The Catalonians, for example, do not in the least resemble the people of the Basque country.

One forgets how many distinguished Romans came from Spain. Quintilian, Martial, the two Senecas, Trajan, Hadrian, and Marcus Aurelius were all born here on the Iberian peninsula. The Roman Cæsars sent many Gothic legions into Hispania, and in the Spanish language there are still Teu-

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HARBOUR OF PASAJES ON THE BASQUE COAST.

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tonic traces of these Goths speaking in Latin while thinking in their own dialect. Then there is the Moorish mixture, resulting from the many centuries of Moorish sway in Spain. Thus we have the unknown autochthonal people coeval with the Basques, the Phœnician colonists, the Roman legionaries, the Gothic legionaries, and finally, the Moors. This has brought about a curious mixture of blood—European, Asiatic, and African. It accounts for some Spanish peculiarities. For the Spaniard is a curious contradiction. Spain is one of the most aristocratic and yet the most democratic of countries. Its aristocracy is blue-blooded beyond belief. Its court is entangled in an etiquette so intricate that no man can understand it. Yet the low-born Spaniard treats his betters much as if he were their equal, and the king is usually called "Don Alfonso," the title given to any gentleman. While the Spaniards are barbarously cruel to animals in the bull-ring and elsewhere, they often lavish upon household pets a most absurd affection. While in many ways reserved, they are frequently candid with entire strangers to a startling degree.

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Bajo el Rey, ninguno—"Below the King, all men are equal"—thus a Spanish proverb expresses the democracy of Spanish society. In England, there are all grades: from the crossing-sweeper up, each seems to kow-tow to his superior; the royal duke abases himself to the king; the premier duke, not of the blood royal, abases himself to him of royal blood; the earl to the duke, the commoner to the baronet, the merchant to the banker, the tradesman to the merchant, the mechanic to the tradesman, the laborer to the mechanic. In Spain, it is not so. The laborer greets you with dignity, and with no touch of that servility one notes in some other countries. Spaniards look upon the curt demeanor of foreigners in addressing shopkeepers, mechanics, coachmen, and others as gross ill-breeding.

Returning on the train from Cadiz was an Englishman, who told us that "one of his ships" had just put into that port in distress, with the cargo on fire. He added that the damages to ship and cargo were three hundred thousand pounds. He said he was surprised to find no port-charges of any description; the ship came in with her cargo

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burning under battened hatches, but even the fire-salvors would take no pay, and all the ship-owner could do was to "buy a few thousand cigars and urge them to take a smoke with him."

This reminded me of an old story concerning a well-known San Francisco towing firm. When one of their tow-boats found a ship in distress, their tow-boat skipper had instructions to notify her ship-master that the terms for salvage would be "Everything abaft the mainmast" — or about half of ship and cargo. If the distressed ship-master hesitated or haggled, the tow-boat skipper at once raised his demand to "Everything abaft the foremast" — or about two-thirds of ship and cargo. It is needless to remark that this tow-boat firm got rich quick. This is in strong contrast to the English merchant's experience in the Spanish port of Cadiz. I suppose he told us the truth — there was no apparent motive for falsehood.

Here is another odd incident. After what one reads of the corruption among Spanish officials, the fortunes made in the Philippines and in Cuba, and the wholesale bribery said

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to prevail throughout the kingdom, this story seems almost incredible, but it is true.

It will be remembered that the notorious Humbert family were unearthed by the Spanish police and arrested in Madrid. We were not in Madrid at the time, although the papers from that city reached us regularly. We read the developments of the curious story from day to day; the sequel took place while we were in Madrid. The French government had offered a reward of 25,000 francs for the arrest of the Humberts. This the police department of Madrid refused to accept. Thereupon the French Minister of Foreign Affairs requested the French embassador at Madrid to pay it *à qui de droit*—" to whom it may concern."

The end of the incident is told in this letter to the Madrid press:

" To-day I received from the representative of France the sum of 33,290 pesetas, which (with exchange) represents 25,000 francs paid by the French government for the arrest of the Humberts. The Civil Governor of Madrid informs me that the police officials concerned in the arrest do not desire to accept any reward for their services, considering that they have performed only their duty. This delicacy has led to the turning over of this large sum of money to me, in trust, for the Benevolent

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Society of St. Vincent de Paul. As president of that society, I thank all the gentlemen concerned, and assure them that the money will do great good to many deserving poor.

"Gentlemen, I kiss your hands.

"MARIA CONCEPCION SALAZAR DE EZPLETE."

In some countries it is not uncommon for violent wrangles over rewards to break out between money-loving thief-takers. Considering the common belief that all official Spain is honeycombed with corruption, and that all Spanish officials are bribe-takers, this refusal of police-officers to accept a five-thousand-dollar reward is certainly singular. It is probably another of the odd contradictions in the Spanish character.

The best hotel in Barcelona is called the "Hotel of the Four Nations." This probably means the four kingdoms of old Spain — Castile, Aragon, Leon, and Navarre. It is a very common name for hotels throughout the northern part of Spain. There seems to be some little rivalry among them, for at Barcelona we found the "Hotel of the Four

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Nations," at Lerida the "*Grand* Hotel of the Four Nations," and at Saragossa the "Grand Hotel of the Four Nations and of the Universe." That seemed to settle it. Barcelona is a bigger town than Saragossa, but when it comes to big names, Saragossa is easily first.

The Barcelona Hotel of the Four Nations is situated on the fine boulevard called the Rambla. Unconsciously one thinks of our English word "ramble," and alliterative phrases like "Rambling on the Rambla" at once arise. But *rambla* is not akin to "ramble." It comes from the Arabic, and means the dry bed of a stream. Underneath Barcelona's boulevard runs the River Malla, long ago vaulted over to form the street. Hence the name. It is a beautiful avenue, and runs up from the port through the centre of the city, not unlike Market Street in San Francisco. At its foot is a monument to Columbus, as we have at the foot of Market Street our clock-tower. But it is very differently arranged from an American street. There are narrow sidewalks on both sides next to the buildings; then two roadways for vehicles and tramway lines; next, double rows of plane-trees; then, between the rows of trees, there is a broad,

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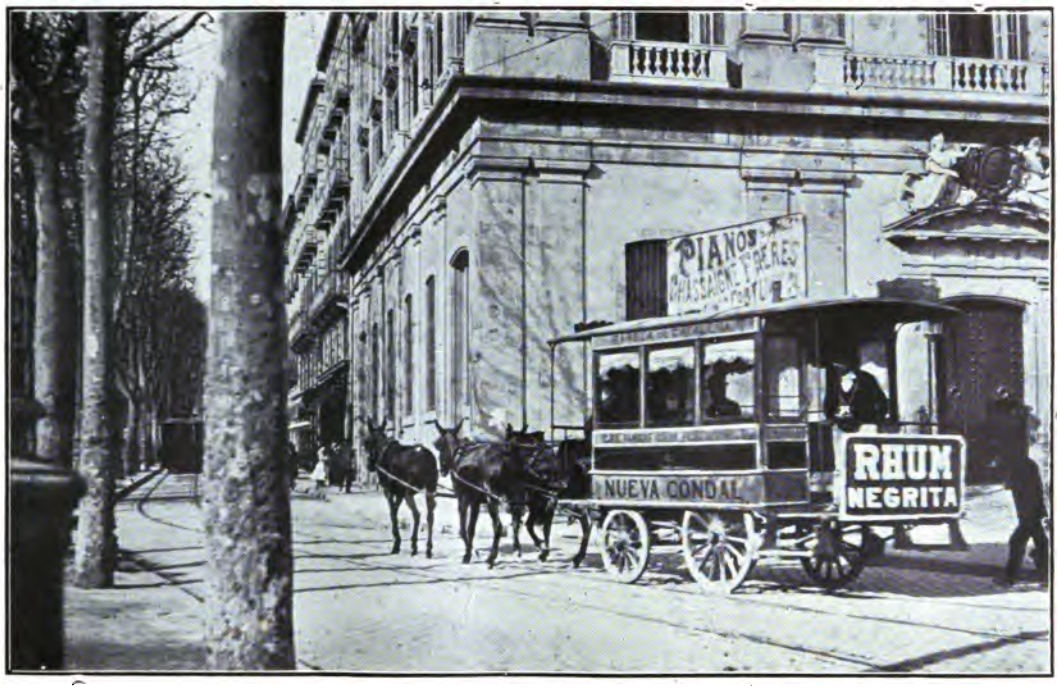

On the Rambla Roadway, Barcelona.

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smooth footway about a hundred feet wide. Here are seats for those who wish to rest, newspaper kiosks for those who wish to read, and every facility for the gathering of groups, for conversation, fighting, or other reasonable amusements. The scene on the Rambla, from early in the morning till late at night, is kaleidoscopic. To me it was interesting as showing that in one European city the pedestrian is given the best part of the highway — which seems just, for feet were used before vehicles, as fingers were used before forks.

In all European cities, one notices a marked disparity between the new and the old quarters. This is particularly noticeable in Barcelona, where there are many long and broad avenues which were laid out at the time of a "world's fair" held there a few years ago. One may leave the Rambla, or one of the newer boulevards, and suddenly find one's self in a plexus of passages, blind alleys, and crooked lanes. There is not only a disparity between the new and old streets, but an equal incongruity among the occupants. All kinds and classes of callings and of people are mixed up together; in one shop you will

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find an old woman selling cakes; next to her is a barber-shop; then comes a young ladies' seminary; next to that is a fine hotel, the Fonda San Antonio; then we have a Parisian milliner; her neighbor is a cobbler; on the other side of him is a cheap rum-shop; then we find another fine hotel; beyond the hotel stands a church; then come, in this order, a lithographer, a pork-butcher, a lottery-office, a photographer, a tinsmith, a bakery, a machine-shop, and a type-writing bureau. Truly, a strange jumble.

One has a good view of this unique boulevard, the Rambla, from that excellent caravansary, the Hotel of the Four Nations. Here to our surprise we found fine linen hemstitched sheets, lace-trimmed linen pillow-slips, and fringed damask towels, such as good American housewives at home keep for "company."

The omnibus conductor (or runner) of the Four Nations Hotel spoke such remarkably fluent English that he excited my surprise, used as I am to the linguistic facility of European hotel-servants. But they ordinarily

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On the Rambla Footway, Barcelona.

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speak English with the broad "a" used by the English, a sound not so common in American mouths. This man spoke genuine United States. His was American English —not Western, but the kind you hear between Passamoquoddy Bay and Hell Gate. It was so idiomatic, so racy of our soil, so American, in short, that one day, when I heard him say to a slow Spanish boy, "*Anda, usted!* Get a move on!" I exclaimed in unfeigned wonder: "Where in the name of the Sacred Codfish did you ever learn to speak English like that —you, a Spaniard."

The conductor looked at me with some asperity. "Spaniard, nothing!" he replied, "I aint no Spaniard. And I had ought to speak good English, for I come from the Y*ew*nited States. I'm a Yankee, I am, and I was born in Massachusetts."

It turned out to be true. He was a wandering Yankee sailor, had finally "hove to" in this port of Spain, and was now officiating as boatswain of a buss in Barcelona.

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The Gateway of the Sun

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The Gateway of the Sun

THIS," said mine host of the Hotel de Paris, as he led us into a suite of rooms on the noble floor — "This," said he, as he shot the heavy iron bolts and bars which fastened the prison-like Spanish windows — "This," said he, as he flung open the ponderous shutters with rattle and clash and clang — "This is the Puerta del Sol."

It was indeed the Gateway of the Sun. As I gazed upon it I gasped. Another illusion gone.

Our host looked scrutinizingly into our faces, that he might note the effect on us of this imposing sight. By the way, the relations between our host and ourselves were slightly strained. We had insisted on leaving the luggage on top of our coach until we had found rooms to our liking. Leaving one's luggage in that way usually has an excellent

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moral effect on Continental hotel-keepers. They always begin by showing you their highest-priced rooms, including a magnificent and funereal "salon"; then, if your luggage has been brought up, they insist there are no other rooms. Therefore, it is well to leave your luggage on the coach; then, if the rooms are not to your liking, go to another hotel.

But our host was a haughty Castilian, with the soul of an hidalgo. He did not like the caution shown by our failure to bring in our luggage, and he plainly showed it by his manner. So he attempted to crush us with the magnificence of the Puerta del Sol.

I gazed out upon the Gateway of the Sun. I saw before me a shabby square surrounded by dingy buildings. In front of these dingy buildings there lolled, lounged, lay, and sat dingy idlers and shabby beggars. Upon the surface of the square one saw no tree, nor shrub, nor patch of green — only a large expanse of dingy pavement. It was strewn with old newspapers, cigarette-stumps, cigar-stubs, and orange-skins. Over the soiled bosom of the shabby square glided dingy tram-cars. And this was the Gateway of the Sun.

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"How much," said I to our host—"how much a day, señor, for these rooms—the whole business — everything included — *todo compreso — tout compris?*"

Our host rubbed his hands together, and replied, slowly, "Thirty pesetas."

"For two persons?"

"No," replied the host, in an explanatory tone, "per person."

"Then that makes sixty pesetas," I remarked.

"Yes, sixty pesetas—*tout compris*—everything included."

"Does it include service?"

"N-o-o-o," replied our host. "Service is extra—that will be one peseta and a half."

"For both?"

"N-o-o—per person."

"That makes three pesetas more. Does it include light?"

"Yes," said the host, briskly, "light included."

"Candles or electric light?"

"I meant candles," admitted the host.

"Then the electric light is extra?"

"Yes, but it is only half a peseta per day."

"For two persons?"

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"N-o-o-o," admitted the host, "one peseta for two persons."

"That makes sixty-four pesetas instead of thirty," said I. "Is there anything else to be added in this *tout compris?* Do you charge anything for the view of the Puerta del Sol?"

The host's blue blood rose. "Evidently, señor," he said, stiffly, "you do not desire these rooms. I will therefore withdraw them from your consideration." And he stalked away in dudgeon.

We subsequently inflicted on our haughty host the pain of seeing us enter with the brass-bound menials of his rival across the square; they bore our belongings away to the Hotel de la Paz, where we soon were very comfortably housed.

The foregoing irrelevant remarks are merely given as a sample dialogue with a European hotel-keeper.

It is an old saying that one-third of the people of Madrid spend their time in carriages, one-third in cafés, and one-third in begging. The number of idlers one sees about the Puerta del Sol is indeed astounding. There are not only peddlers and beggars, but ill-dressed and well-dressed loungers of all kinds

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— people who stand around all day with apparently nothing in the world to do.

Madrid is a curious city. Being the capital of an idle nation, it is the concentrated quintessence of idling and idlers. The principal occupation is talking politics, and odd as it may seem, there are cafés in Madrid frequented entirely by politicians out of a job—*cesantes*.

In addition to the beggars on the Puerta del Sol, there are numerous pseudo-mendicants who pretend to have occupations. Among them are match peddlers, pencil peddlers, opera-ticket peddlers, lottery-ticket peddlers, toy peddlers, cigarette peddlers, *dulce* or candy peddlers, balloon peddlers, toy-windmill peddlers, newspaper peddlers, photograph peddlers, postal-card peddlers, shoe-string peddlers, and tape-line peddlers. There are also numbers of idle laborers waiting for a job, and porters with their knotted ropes, which they fasten to lamp-posts, making seats of the loops. While some of the porters knot their ropes into seats, others, lazier or more ingenious, turn theirs into hammocks; these they sling to anything — lamp-posts, hitching-posts, or the fronts of

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buildings, and in them lounge, and doze, and snooze luxuriously. In the Orient I thought I had seen people sleeping in almost every conceivable position, but the Madrid porters, hanging in hammocks from lamp-posts, were new to me.

Despite the polychromatic pictures of Gautier, De Amicis, and others, it is difficult to see anything picturesque about the Puerta del Sol. There is no color to the crowd. All the better-dressed people are in dark colors, and all the beggars are in faded garb. The buildings are a dingy yellow, and the whole effect is sad-colored. But the crowd, if not light-hearted, is certainly noisy, and a ceaseless yelling goes up from morning till midnight on the Puerta del Sol.

The principal opera-house of Madrid is the Teatro Real, at which a very good Italian company was producing standard operas. Among those given during our stay were "Aïda," "Lucia," "Linda," "Rigoletto," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "Faust." The opera-house contains a large and hand-

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some auditorium, with only the orchestra-floor given up to stalls, the remainder consisting of amphitheatrical rows of boxes, with the exception of the top gallery, or *paradiso,* as it is called. The price of the best seats in the orchestra is eighteen pesetas — between three dollars and three dollars and fifty cents, according to exchange. There is no " pit " in the Madrid opera-house, as there is in the Italian opera-houses. In Italy, one sees gorgeously attired officers entering the pit on ten-cent tickets; they carefully scrutinize the boxes, locate their acquaintances, and then confer the favor of their presence on their friends for the rest of the evening. There were plenty of officers among the Madrid audiences, but they seemed to have seats of their own. At least most of them did. Frequently they were accompanied by doting wives, whose admiration they graciously permitted. One handsome captain we particularly noted, whose wife could scarcely take her eyes from him to look at the stage. She must have been his wife, for he yawned repeatedly, and kept his glasses glued on the stage when the ballet was on.

A curious feature of this Spanish audience

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was the attitude of the men toward the women. They did not, as in most European countries, go around visiting and chatting with the women; but the men congregated together, and talked politics in the big aisles and lobbies.

The men were carefully dressed—about as in London and Paris, and much better than in Germany and Italy. But they wore more jewelry than one observes in northern lands. It was not uncommon to see men with jeweled waistcoat-buttons ; one man wore a set with large emeralds mounted in diamonds. Gold waistcoat-buttons were very common; so were jeweled shirt-studs. Diamond rings and colored precious stones on masculine fingers were to be seen on every side, and many of the men carried jeweled opera-glasses.

While some of the men were very handsome, notably among the officers, the women were not. Flying in the face of statements by such veracious persons as Théophile Gautier, Dumas père, Edmondo de Amicis, and Henry T. Finck, I have no hesitation in saying that I did not see any of the deliriously beautiful Madrileñas over whom they all raved. If it be said that we did not go to the right places,

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it may be retorted that we went everywhere, from ball-games to bull-fights, from churches to operas, and that takes in every grade of the population. Certainly the opera audiences include the most aristocratic set. I saw not a single beautiful woman at the opera, and most of those I saw there were pasty-faced creatures covered with powder and paint, with skins like underdone pie-crust.

Nearly all the women wore hats. This seems odd, for Spain is the land of the mantilla. It is true that this handsome headdress has been almost entirely laid aside by the upper classes, ladies rarely wearing it except for certain religious festivals. But the use of lace headgear at the opera is almost universal in London, Paris, and other capitals. That Spain, which is emphatically not the land of the bonnet and hat, should cling to its recently acquired fashion when other countries are laying it aside, is certainly peculiar.

While we were in Madrid, a performance was given at the opera for the benefit of a charitable society, under the patronage of Queen Christina and her ladies. It was announced that ladies in the audience were expected to appear without hats or bonnets,

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and this was regarded as an intimation from the queen that such should be the rule in future at the opera. But from the opera audiences we saw, it is evident that the Madrid ladies prefer to show their Paris hats.

The houses were not crowded—in fact, the audiences were rather thin. The seats were comfortable and the auditorium was heated—one of the few unfrigid places we found in Madrid. The performances were fair, but not notable. The orchestra, which included some seventy musicians, was quite good; the chorus was mediocre.

I do not think I ever saw such incessant yawning. The audiences seemed bored. It is common to see men reading newspapers at the opera in European cities, but Madrid is the first place where I have seen women doing so. In addition to the yawning, there was almost incessant coughing among the audience. But that you hear in Madrid on every hand. It is the cigarette cough.

In a European city, it is always well to drive in the park at the hour when it is frequented

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by the " four hundred." Park-driving is quite a solemn function in Europe. It is so solemn in Spain that nearly every Spanish city has a part of its afternoon driveway dubbed the " salon," that being the rendezvous where the upper ten meet and chat. The " salon " in Madrid is a part of the Paseo del Prado. We saw many handsome carriages there, but I can not say so much for the horses. All over Europe the rich people seem to spend more money on carriages and harness and servants' boots and breeches than on their horseflesh.

Occasionally one would see a handsome span of mules harnessed to a fine private carriage with a crest on the panel. In his book on Spain, Henry T. Finck says of the Prado drive: " No other city in the world can turn out so many teams of proud and graceful Andalusian horses, but nowhere else would one see the ignoble mule-team amid such a procession." I was impressed exactly the other way. I was disappointed in the appearance of the horses, and I never before saw so many handsome mule-teams. Mr. Finck goes on to comment on " those who sit behind the mules appearing not a whit less vain than those behind the horses." I see no

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reason why they should. A man behind a fine span of mules certainly has greater reason for pride than one behind a team of third-rate horses. In Spain, the mule is not scorned, however it may be in other countries. A pair of fine carriage-mules in Madrid will fetch $1,500. In the United States army the mule is by no means despised. Unless I am very much mistaken, I used once to see General Phil Sheridan driving in and around Chicago behind four as handsome mules as ever were foaled.

There were few equestrians to be seen in the Prado; oddly enough, despite the legends of Spanish *caballeros,* Barbary steeds, and all that, we saw many poor horsemen as well as poor horses. A curious sight was the occasional appearance of a coachman and footman smoking cigarettes on the box. I will not say that their masters were occupying the carriages at the time.

The Park of the Buen Retiro is not remarkable. It has the usual features of parks in large cities. I observed that the driveways bore the names of South American countries.

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QUEEN REGENT WITH HER FOUR-IN-HAND OF MULES AT ST. SEBASTIAN.

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The leading Madrid hotels are fair. They ought to be—they charge enough. The cookery is French rather than Spanish, although you can always obtain Spanish dishes if you ask for them. For that matter, there is a slight tendency toward the Spanish cuisine in the entrées. But it is not very marked—one need not fear to find ambuscaded garlic or hidden red pepper, while oil does not seem to be used by the Madrid cooks any more than by those of Paris. Oil is used to great advantage in cooking fish, by the way; our cooks in America would do more for their employers and less for the doctors were they to cook fish in hot oil instead of cold grease.

Among the other surprises in Spain, was the fish. I had been told so much about the bad food in Spain that I had determined to eat no fish, particularly at inland points. I am extremely fond of fish—so fond of it that I never eat it when it is not fresh, if I can avoid it. But we found the fish in Spain excellent, even in inland cities like Madrid, Cordova, and Seville. It was, of course, excellent in Barcelona, where there is a fine fish-market. At Cordova, fish was brought daily by train from Malaga, and very good it was. At

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Seville, we were surprised by the appearance of shad, which was fresh, sound, and delicious.

Apropos of shad, let me interpolate here that San Francisco, which ought to have one of the finest fish-markets in the world, has one of the worst. It is not the fault of the fish, but the fault of the fishmongers. For years they have, in the chief city of the Pacific Coast, practiced ways of handling fish which are barbarous. In many Atlantic fish-markets fish is brought alive to market in fish-wells. In San Francisco, on the other hand, fish is often brought a hundred and fifty miles by rail from Monterey Bay, and before it reaches the consumer is unfit to eat. I have had fish served to me in first-class clubs, restaurants, and hotels in San Francisco that was at least two days old; to sell such ancient sea-food in a modern seaport, washed on one side by an enormous bay, on the other by the Pacific Ocean, is grotesque.

Dr. Jordan, of Stanford University, is one of the great ichthyologists of the world. When he first came to the Pacific Coast several ex-dwellers on the Atlantic seaboard sought his expert opinion on the Pacific Coast shad. They all remembered the delicious shad

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which runs up the Eastern rivers. But they were unanimously of the opinion that the Pacific Coast shad is inferior. So they laid the whole matter before Dr. Jordan, with a mass of statistical, ichthyological, and ichthyophagical material, and several exhibits in the shape of fresh shad—that is, "fresh" from the San Francisco fishmonger's point of view. Dr. Jordan listened patiently to their statements. They wound up by saying, "Now, doctor, what is the matter with this Pacific Coast shad?" The doctor gazed at them solemnly, leaned over, sniffed at the shad, and said, oracularly, "Gentlemen, the fish is not fresh!"

The shad-epicures were more surprised than seems natural, considering how frequently "fresh fish" in San Francisco is unfresh. Dr. Jordan went on to explain to the startled fish-lovers that shad is a delicate fish; that it must not be slammed around like bales of dried codfish, but handled carefully and eaten fresh. This may have seemed rudimentary instruction, but it was very much needed. At more than one little coast resort in California, one gets fish fresher and better than in San Francisco, the metropolis of the

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Pacific Slope. And in Seville, an interior city in Spain, we found better shad than we have frequently had served to us in San Francisco.

I speak of Seville as an "interior city," although it is a large port of entry. It is situate on the Guadalquivir, about fifty miles from the sea. I do not know whether the shad run up the Guadalquivir, but I suppose the fish is caught principally at its mouth, and shipped up to Seville. On the Susquehanna and other fishing-grounds around Chesapeake Bay, the shad-fishermen always seemed to me to do most of their work around the river-mouths.

Adequately to write of the magnificent gallery of paintings in the Museo del Prado would take hundreds of pages. It is one of the finest collections in the world, ranking with the Louvre, the Uffizzi, and the Dresden galleries. It is a revelation to the picture-lover, for merely to walk through it will convince him that the Spanish masters may not be seen outside of Spain. Poor in purse as is Spain, she has not parted with her great pictures—

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aside from the ones stolen by Napoleon and his generals. Those who believe that they have seen in other European galleries anything like the art-work of Murillo, for example, in the various art-periods of his life, are much in error. So with Velasquez, so with Ribera, so with other Spanish masters.

How rich is the collection in the Museo del Prado may be guessed from a few figures. Of the Italian school, there are in the Madrid gallery ten pictures by Raphael, forty-two by Titian, thirty-three by Tintoretto, twenty-one by Paul Veronese. Of the Spanish school, there are sixty-one by Velasquez, forty-five by Murillo, fifty-eight by Ribera. Of the Flemish school, there are sixty-four by Rubens, and fifty-two by Teniers.

These figures are taken from the latest official catalogue (dated 1900), edited by Don Pedro de Madrazo. As showing how few are the changes of thirty years in a great gallery, it is interesting to compare the figures given by John Hay in his "Castilian Days" (1871)—in 1903, you note one Titian less, one Tintoretto less, four less of Paul Veronese, eight less of Teniers, four less of Velasquez, and one less of Murillo. From this it is ap-

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parent that in Europe, where galleries are numerous and art experts plenty, they are not continually finding "old masters" in bric-à-brac shops, liquor-saloons, and "among the effects of prominent citizens recently deceased." In America, we are smarter: we are finding them all the time.

On the other hand, I note that in the Madrid gallery, while the roll of such masters as Velasquez has slightly shrunk, the list of pictures in the "School of Velasquez," or "In the Velasquez manner," has slightly increased.

But if Spain has a magnificent collection of pictures in the Museo del Prado, she has a very poor place in which to house them. The building, which is a shabby one, was never designed for a picture-gallery. Not only is it badly lighted and badly arranged, but it is badly administered. For example, there are apparently no funds for heating it, and when we visited it the cold there was something arctic. The unfortunate custodians stood around shivering, their feet in thick galoshes, their bodies wrapped in heavy Spanish cloaks, and with handkerchiefs bound around their ears.

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There is a marked difference between the glacial gallery of Madrid and the well-warmed Louvre, which is used by many of the Paris poor as a great municipal heater. One sees no tramps in the Museo del Prado—there, they would freeze to death.

Apropos of the Louvre, I was surprised to find that the large collection of Rubens pictures in the French gallery has a close second in the Spanish one. An unfamiliar-looking name, "Pedro Pablo Rubens," figures on a great many canvases in the Museo del Prado.

I have often wondered whether Rubens really painted all the pictures in those gorgeous Medicis rooms in the Louvre. We are told that Marie de Medicis sent for Rubens and made him her guest; that he dwelt some months in the royal palace; then, returning to Antwerp, finished the enormous Medicis canvases in two years, "with the aid of his pupils." These colossal canvases have made me suspect some of the great painters of using their pupils to fill in what might be called the coarse or machine work, and doing the "hand-painting" themselves. In the Medicis rooms, there must be,

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at a low calculation, several thousand square yards of bosom. Rubens ran markedly toward nude ladies, and he was very generous to them in the matter of pectoral muscles. Such vast masses of flesh-tints would surely have wearied the brush-hand of even so assiduous a worker as Rubens. It is probable, therefore, that he merely blocked out the outlines of his obese goddesses, and then turned over the coarse flesh-tints, or bosom-work, to his apprentices. Probably he may have retouched these acres of flesh afterward, but it is impossible to believe that he could have done it all himself in two years. The only possible hypothesis favoring this theory is that he possessed one of those paint-squirts with which, in modern times, house-painters and whitewashers cover large surfaces like factory-buildings.

Thus it is not at all improbable that the work was really executed in two years, the bosom-sections being put on by frowsy apprentices with buckets of flesh-colored paint and squirts.

I have sometimes heard artists discuss whether Rubens was justified, on ethical grounds, in paying such sycophantic com-

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pliments to Marie de Medicis as he does in that long series of fulsome paintings. She is represented from infancy to age, with a general air of patting the pagan gods and goddesses on the head. In one picture, if I remember rightly, some gentleman, Atlas probably, is presenting the great queen with this sublunary ball, the World, which she is coyly accepting. Well, other great men have flattered other great ladies. Did not Shakespeare write in this courtier-wise of Elizabeth Tudor, the Virgin Queen ?

"That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

No one believes that Shakespeare believed all those pretty things about a red-headed old lady with a hooked nose and a bad temper. But any one can forgive him for writing such beautiful lines. So with Rubens—his painted

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compliments are as gross and earthy as the queen whom he depicted was earthy and gross. But what modern portrait-painter can throw the first stone at him? What modern artist to-day would refuse a commission, let us say, to paint that royal Blowsabella, Queen Isabella of Spain; to occupy rooms in her magnificent palace in Paris, near the Place of the Star; to live for two years on the fat of the land; to be cosseted, to be petted, to be rewarded munificently; to know that in three hundred years from now his pictures would hang in the great gallery at Madrid into which the royal palace will be turned when Spain shall have become a republic?

What artist would refuse? Well, considering that most of the great artists to-day do not scruple to abandon the painting of pictures for the painting of portraits — portraits of railway magnates, coal barons, iron and steel kings, petroleum princes, slaughter-house millionaires, pork potentates, pork potentatesses, and the little pork potentatunculæ — I am justified in saying that no artist would.

In the Madrid gallery there hang many flattering pictures of Spain's hermit kings,

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her fanatic kings, her crazy kings, by Velasquez and other masters, which show that they were great courtiers as well as great artists.

Spain's craziest king left behind him, as a monument to his melancholia, the gray Escorial. It is a gloomy pile. De Amicis says of it that every human being should be grateful for every day of his life that he does not have to live within its walls.

Here is an odd incident concerning the Museo del Prado, showing some of the minor mishaps that befall travelers. We wanted some photographs of the paintings in the Museo. On emerging, after our first day's visit, we saw a tablet on the opposite wall, directing us to the photographic establishment of one Cualquiero, Number Two, Plaza de los Cortes. We determined to go there next day. The next day we drove there, but the cabman could find no Number Two. He could find Numbers One, Three, and Four, but Number Two was missing. We took a hand in the search, but Number Two was distinctly absent.

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We concluded that we had made a mistake in the number. We drove back to the Museo. To our astonishment, we found the tablet gone. We interrogated the custodian at the door. The custodian vaguely remembered having seen such a tablet, but did not know what had become of it. He lighted a cigarette, and called another custodian. This official came out, joined him, and lighted a cigarette. They talked it over. Then we all talked it over. The second custodian said he kind of thought he remembered having seen something of the sort of tablet we described, but he wasn't sure, and he advised us to go back and look for Number Two again. Here the cabman, who had just lighted another cigarette, agreed with him. But we thought we had worked hard enough for one day, so we went to our hotel.

The next day we got a new cabman and told him to drive to Cualquiero, photographer, Number Two, Plaza de los Cortes. He drove there at once. We gazed at the door in stupefaction — there was the number, there was the name. We entered the courtyard. As we did so, a young woman in deep black appeared, and inquired sympathetically if we wished to

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see the family. We told her no—we wanted to see the photographer.

"But," said she, "Señor Cualquiero died suddenly yesterday. You can not see him."

In that case, we replied feebly, we did not want to see him—we only had wanted to buy some photographs.

The sympathetic young person shook her head.

"The law-officers have placed seals on all his effects," she replied. "It will be at least six weeks before they are released."

"Six weeks" must mean more than *Mañana* in Spain. We gave it up, and determined to buy our photographs elsewhere.

The following day, after another visit to the Museo del Prado, we were coming out of the gallery, when we both uttered an exclamation. There, on the opposite wall, was the advertising tablet of the dead photographer!

I went up, and examined it closely. It was no flimsy cardboard affair; it was made of wood, the letters were painted and gilded, and it was screwed to the wall. The screws were rusty, and seemed not to have been disturbed for many months.

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Next to the great Museo del Prado, the Armory is probably the most interesting place in Madrid. Tourists should not fail to visit it. It is now on the Plaza de Armas, in a new building near the Royal Palace. There are many armories in Europe where the custodians seem to think that rust and grime are picturesque. They may be, but in this collection the armor and weapons are kept spotless and mirror-bright. The effect is fascinating. I asked one of the custodians how it was accomplished; he took me into the basement, and showed me a large shop, where a number of armorers were at work, sewing the leather phalanges of damaged gauntlets, touching up the corroded spots on damascened sword-blades, and polishing shields and cuirasses of Milan mail. To me, this constant care does not detract in any way from the antiquarian interest of the armor, while adding greatly to its beauty.

We purchased a copy of the richly illustrated catalogue, edited by the learned Count Valencia de Don Juan. It is a quarto volume of several hundred pages, which will give an idea of the number of objects in the Armory. Only a few may be mentioned here. Among

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BATTLE ARMOR OF CHARLES V IN MADRID ARMORY.

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the complete suits of mail, you are shown the gorgeous armor of Charles the Fifth—that in which he was painted by Titian; the beautiful suit of Moorish mail worn by Boabdil, the last king of Granada ; and the enormous armor, weighing forty-one pounds, once borne by Christopher Columbus. Types of the arm which both Spaniards and Frenchmen call "the white weapon"—that is, the sword—are found here in profusion. Here we see the swords of Gonsalvo de Cordova, of Francisco Pizarro, of Hernan Cortez, of Don John of Austria, and that of Francis the First of France, captured at Pavia. There are many other beautiful objects besides armor and swords: there are golden crowns, sceptres, and crosses; ink-stands and other camp equipage; cross-bows, musketoons, muskets (some of them breech-loading weapons, two centuries old); ancient pistols (some of them revolvers); captured Moorish banners; saddles, lances, spurs, helmets, and daggers. There is a beautiful tapestry which Spanish antiquarians say was part of the tent used by Francis the First at the battle-field of Pavia.

All through Count Valencia's catalogue the term "harness" is employed for armor.

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In English, this is a somewhat high-flown term, but in Spanish, it seems to be the ordinary one.

Spain would be an excellent resort for a restless American millionaire suffering from neurasthenia. Life is very deliberate there. Perhaps it would be too much so for a man whose life was tied to a stock-ticker. During three days of one week, for example, while we were in Madrid, the telegraph lines were down between that city and France — which means nearly all of Europe. Not having much use for telegraphs or telephones while there — thank God ! — we knew nothing of it, until I saw a bitter complaint in the *Correspondencia de España,* a leading daily paper. The aggrieved journal did not growl so much about the interruption of the lines as it did over its ignorance of the interruption. The burden of its complaint was that the telegraph officials continued calmly to receive telegrams during the whole three days, not only without sending them, but without notifying the senders that they were not sent.

This does seem a trifle odd, even for Spain.

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Fancy being a stock-operator ; fancy telegraphing from Madrid to Paris to sell ten thousand Turkish short on a declining market ; fancy learning after three days that Turks had slumped heavily ; fancy believing that you had made a neat little turn ; fancy suddenly discovering that your dispatch was not sent until the market rebounded, and that you owe your broker money and are broke.

The indifference of the Spanish journals to a break in the foreign telegraph-lines is easily explained. They print few foreign dispatches. But as they publish many columns of telegrams from all over the peninsula, it is evidently not economy which leads them to ignore foreign happenings. The Spanish people evidently take little interest in what goes on outside their borders.

Still, even in slow Spain, the newspaper press is feeling the rapid movement of the times. Some of the Madrid papers now run regularly six pages and frequently eight, while a few of them print illustrations about on a par with those we find in our American dailies. For example, while we were in Madrid the town was talking of a sensational criminal case — the trial of Cecelia Aznar for

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the murder of her master, Don Manuel Pastor. From day to day the papers reported this case at great length and in sensational style, giving portraits of Cecelia, portraits of Cecelia's lover, portraits of the murdered man, photographs of the flat-iron with which she murdered her master, photographs of the blood-stained apron she wore when she murdered him, and diagrams showing the "spot of blood." It all seemed quite familiar, and when I got to that blood-spot on the floor it almost made me feel as if I were reading one of our own melodramatic dailies.

If it be true, as commonly said, that most of the Spanish people can not read, it is marvelous how many newspapers are printed in Spain. They seem like the sands of the sea — or, rather, let us say, like autumn leaves. If so few Spaniards can read, and so many Spanish journals are printed, the reading Spaniards must be overworked.

Daily papers all over the world have a family resemblance. Weeklies are more distinctive. But the most important weekly in Spain, the *Illustracion Española,* like the dailies, bears a strong resemblance to other pictorials, such as the London *Graphic,* the

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Paris *Monde Illustré,* and *Frank Leslie's Weekly.* Not so the little *Blanco y Negro,* of Madrid — it is individual and distinctive. Despite its name, the taste of the day now forces it to give color-work; but it prints its color-plates on the inside, and always has a most artistic black-and-white cover. Its plates are of many kinds — aquarellogravure, chromogravure, process reproductions of pastel, wash drawings, and monochrome; also, of course, many types of black-and-white work, including the familiar half-tone and the ever-present zincograph. But through all of *Blanco y Negro* there runs an artistic touch which is most pleasing.

A weekly not so well known outside of Spain is *Gente Conocida,* which might be translated "well-known people." This inclines to "society" rather than to art. Every week it prints a portrait of some "society lady," preferably a person of title. In one number, for example, the portrait is that of the Marquesa of Rafal, with her arms and crest. From this it would seem that in Spain (as in America) women are entitled to crests. According to English heraldry, I believe, this is heresy. Garter King at Arms sneers at our

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American female aristocrats for putting crests on their note-paper. I have heard the practice defended by ladies who did not know a dexter-chief from a bar-sinister, and who would emblazon metal on metal because it "looked real nice." But the rules of American heraldry are principally settled in stationers' shops. Therefore heraldic stationers and coat-armored ladies will be glad to know that a Spanish marchioness bears a crest. In a brief biography, couched in inflated rhetoric, the writer says of the lady: "To the enchantment of youth she adds the qualities of the perfect Christian heart, while the distinction of her person lends brilliancy and splendor to the court circles. Thus the Marquesa of Rafal in her mind unites all of the virtues, and in her person all of the beauties." Rather fulsome flattery, even for a "society weekly." But the *Gente* Jenkins does not confine his flatteries to the gentler sex; discussing the famous "Ducal House of Ahumada," the writer, Don Luis Rubil, says of the present duke: "He is known in high society as a prototype of the most exquisite gentlemanliness" (*caballerosidad mas exquisita*). After reading this society weekly, I can not conceive

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how the Marquesa of Rafal and the Duke of Ahumada — unlike the two augurs in the temple — could meet without blushing. Several pages are given up to minute details concerning the movements of society people, including the Countess of Paris; we are told that this lady, with Princess Louise of Orleans and the Duke of Montpensier, while on their way from Paris to Seville, alighted at "one of their palaces" in Madrid. The awed tone in which the Madrid society weekly spoke of this august lady is accounted for when one recalls that she is the wife of the pretender to the throne of France; that she has palaces in Paris, in Madrid, in Seville, in Italy, in Austria, and in England; that she is almost a royal person — in fact, a "queen in exile." Numerous portraits of "society persons" figure in the number — in fact, the personal note is quite marked. Those who imagine that our "society press" in America is more personal than that abroad would seem to be mistaken.

Another illustrated weekly, *Nuevo Mundo*, inclines to theatrical and general illustrations and portraits. Don Angel Guimera, author of a successful play, "The Magdalen," then

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running in Madrid, was portrayed; so was Maria Guerrero, the actress who played the Magdalen. There were also portraits of various actresses then attracting the attention of Madrid — among others, Angela Homs, who was playing the leading rôle in a Spanish translation of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

In a large weekly, curiously entitled *A. B. C.,* there were illustrations of the current happenings of the week, among others a photograph of "Mister Brodrick *(sic),* English minister of war, and his bride, landing at Gibraltar on their honeymoon." Among a dozen portraits of the week were Robert Planquette, the French composer, who had just died; Herbert Bowen, United States minister to Venezuela, who was then in the world's eye at Caracas; Millionaire Rockefeller, who had just donated some millions of dollars to discover a remedy for tuberculosis. Other pictures included half-tones of scenes from current plays, a review of the Madrid police-force by the newly appointed chief, and a flash-light photo of a banquet. There were also two pictures of what we in our country would call "sewing-circles"; one of these, "The Santa Rita Society," held its reunion in

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the house of a noblewoman with eleven names, so she must be very noble, indeed. The other was called "The Society of Our Lady of Hope." These two sewing-circles meet one day each week, and make garments "for the deserving poor." They were held in handsome rooms, richly furnished, but entirely dissimilar to the styles prevailing in our country. The chairs, the tables, the parquet floors, the oval picture and mirror-frames, the elaborately carved moldings, the innumerable candelabra, both overhead and on the walls, the general style of the decorations and furnishings—all was old-fashioned, not to say rococo. As for the charitable ladies, it was plain that they all put on their best bibs and tuckers for these sewing-bees. There were no mantillas to be seen—they all wore hats, and evidently not hats of Madrid-atte-Manzanares, but hats of Paris town.

A little paper called *El Escándalo* ("Scandal") I purchased with a bunch of weeklies one day on the Puerta del Sol. It was fitly named. It seemed to be made up of venomous attacks on private individuals under thinly veiled pseudonyms — attacks not only bitter, but in most indecorous language. Its treat-

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ment of the theatres may be imagined from the heading of the dramatic department, which, after the gigantic sewer of ancient Rome, it called "Cloaca Maxima." This gutter title was matched by its society department, which was entitled "The Cess-Pool." The editor seemed to have a quarrel with café-keepers, to whom he devoted an entire column of abuse, the last paragraph of which was remarkable. "The manager of the Cervantes Café," said he, "threatens to prosecute us in the courts if we do not withdraw our statement regarding the milk he sells, and how he gets it from the Marquesa de la Laguna." The journal proceeds to reiterate its charges. Delicacy forbids their repetition, but the reader may guess at the statement which offended the café-keeper when told that the lady from whom he was accused of having purchased the milk was reputed to preserve her beauty by the same means as Diane de Poitiers, Ninon de l'Enclos, and Pauline Bonaparte.

Before leaving the field of general weeklies, let me mention the *Cake-Walk*. The casual reader may imagine that in giving this title I am pulling the long bow. But no: I pur-

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chased such a paper in Madrid — a little four-page sheet calling itself "The *Cake-Walk:* An Independent Satirical Weekly, published at No. 60 Cardinal Cisneros Street." Like the little Paris comic papers, the first page contained a colored cartoon, the rest being made up of miscellaneous satirical comment. The *Cake-Walk* did not seem to me destined for a long life. But that our American fad for an ephemeral negro-dance should give a name to a comic weekly in old Spain is certainly peculiar.

The most widely published weeklies are those devoted to bull-fighting. One, the *Heraldo Taurino,* might be called a high-class bull-fighting paper, as it is intended only for those who can read — there are no pictures in it. Many of the cheaper bull-fighting sheets are made up almost entirely of pictures. The *Heraldo* is the organ of the *aficionados*— bull-ring enthusiasts — who answer to our baseball cranks. It is therefore written in a weird language, which is probably intelligible to the bull-ring cranks, but certainly is not to a stranger. But even in our own newspapers the baseball crank peruses with feverish interest such lines as these:

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"Hank got to first on balls, and died on second. Smitty got struck out. Big Jim sent a hot three-bagger to Short, who wanted whiskers on it, and Jim never stopped at third, sliding half-way home to the plate."

Were Shakespeare to revisit the glimpses of the moon he would find that too much for him. And this highly technical description of an *espada* finishing a bull — Cervantes might be able to comprehend it, but I doubt it much:

"Cambia el diestro de muleta, y tomándolo con calma, da seis con la derecha y dos ayudados. Estando descuidado, el toro lo achucha y sale rodando por el suelo. Al quite la cuadrilla."

Another paper, *El Toreo,* bears at its head such an ancient wood-cut of a bull-ring that I looked at the journal's date-line to ascertain its age, and found that it had been published for over thirty years. *El Toreo's* specialty is long letters from bull-fighting correspondents in Mexico, in Central America, and in South America.

Los Madriles is largely given up to illustrations. The chief bull-fighting editor, Edouardo Reballo, signs himself "Your Uncle Teddy," which shows the familiar relations existing between writer and reader in the bull-fighting press.

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The most important of these journals is *Sol y Sombra,* or "Sun and Shade," the terms applied to the two sides of the bull-ring. The "sombra" is the expensive side, the seats being choice ones in the shade. The cheap "sol" side is what our baseball cranks call "the bleaching-boards," or briefly, "the bleachers." *Sol y Sombra* is a handsome journal of twenty pages, printed on coated paper, and containing many half-tones and some wash drawings. In the number before me there is a spirited picture of the bull-ring "supers" enlivening a sluggish bull in the bull-pen with a barrel of burning tar. Fire has always been a favorite medium with the Spaniards for converting heathen and inspiring bulls. A number of photo-process pictures accompany a letter describing bull-fights in the City of Mexico. A spirited full-page cartoon of Antonio Montes, a well-known bull-fighter, by R. Esteban, an equally well-known artist, comes next. Then follow photographs of nine bulls' heads, mounted on elaborate escutcheons, on each of which is painted the scene of each particular bull's death. These souvenirs were prepared "to commemorate the taurine festival at Madrid on the

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occasion of the oath and proclamation of his majesty, Don Alfonso the Thirteenth," and were presented to nine notables there present.

But the gem of *Sol y Sombra* is an article entitled "From Becquer to Fuentes." It pictures "the house in which was born Gustavo Becquer, poet, where now lives the famous bull-fighter, Antonio Fuentes." The article is written by Carlos L. Olmedo. "Some may call me blasphemous," says Mr. Olmedo, "thus to link together the names of Becquer and Fuentes. But where is the incongruity in linking one of the greatest of our poets with one of the most famous of our bull-fighters?" Mr. Olmedo goes on to discuss, with enthusiasm, the career of Mr. Fuentes. Still, it is only fair to add that, while he inclines toward the *torero,* he speaks quite handsomely of the dead poet, and gives a photograph of the tablet on the front of the house. He also gives some photographs of his friend, Fuentes; first we see him as Fighter Fuentes, in all the glory of brocade and bullion, gold-laced jacket, satin breeches, and silk stockings; next we see the society Mr. Fuentes in semi-public life, as you see the bull-fighters at the Madrid cafés surrounded by their ad-

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PORTRAIT OF THE POET BECQUER.

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mirers. But the third portrait is a touching one — it represents the domestic Mr. Fuentes, seated on a garden bench, with Mrs. Fuentes affectionately leaning on his shoulder, and little Antonio Fuentes on Papa Fuentes's lap. Thus we see that even the fierce bull-fighters yield to woman in their hours of ease. Ah, how sweet is domesticity!

The lovers of lyric poetry can scarcely feel other than grateful to Mr. Olmedo for bringing Becquer into the fierce lime-light that beats around the throne of Antonio Fuentes.

Among the Madrid daily papers, *La Epoca* is the most conservative and ranks the highest. Next comes *El Nacional.* Others are *El Correo, El Español, El Liberal, El Pais, El Correo Español, La Correspondencia de España, El Globo, El Imparcial, El Diario Universal,* and *El Heraldo.* The last two seemed to me to have a large sale. *El Diario* is an eight-page paper, well written and well illustrated. The illustrations in some of these Madrid papers are surprisingly good. *El Diario's* first page comes where the eighth ought to be, and the four-page dailies here are made up backwards, the first page coming on page four of the sheet. The Madrid journals' leading

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articles are well-written—they are similar to the Paris papers in tone, being decidedly literary, even when political. The work done by the reporters is much inferior. The dispatches from peninsular points are voluminous; those from foreign places are shorter, but adequate.

The *Heraldo* may be taken as a specimen Madrid daily. It is from four to eight pages in size. There are 32 men in the editorial-rooms, 30 in the composing-room, 6 in the stereotyping-room, 2 in the zincographic-room, 12 in the press-room, 20 in the business-office; these, with the "outside men," make a total of 213 employees. I was told that last year the *Heraldo* printed over 40,000,000 copies, consuming 2,000 tons of paper; that it spends every month a million pesetas; and that the paper received last year over 2,200 words by telegraph each day. It is published by a stock company. These particulars may make some of our American millionaire journalists smile, but they will at least show that the newspaper men in Madrid are "getting a move on." The *Heraldo* is installed in a handsome new building in the Calle de la Colegiata. This building was constructed ex-

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pressly for the newspaper, with special facilities for its mechanical department. The press-room is large and well-lighted, and the presses are modern perfecting web-presses of the latest type.

In the composing-room I observed that the compositors all work at cases. Machine composition seems not yet to have reached Madrid. A striking detail was that the compositors were all clad in long blouses. This is significant. The blouse in Europe is a garment which distinctly sets off the workingman, the peasant, the laborer, from those above him — even the trades-people look down on the man in the blouse. In republican France it is rapidly going out. In Paris nowadays, although worn, workmen do not favor the blouse; its use has become distasteful to them, stamping them as of a lower class. You still see it worn in the provinces of France — not so much in the large cities. But here in Madrid all of the compositors on the leading daily were clad in blouses. It shows the difference between republican France and monarchical Spain.

But think of the difference between monarchical Spain and republican America.

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In our country the printers are the most intelligent, the best educated, and the most highly organized craftsmen we have. Probably the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is a more conservative trades-union; but its members, individually, while fine types of men, do not overtop the printers. Furthermore, the printers have been organized into a labor-union for many years. For that matter, the guild usages of the typographers date back three or four hundred years. In this country the printers' union have had the employers practically at their mercy—up to the organization of the Typothetæ, or Master Printers, and the Newspaper Publishers' Association. Even now they treat with these bodies on almost equal terms, and if there is any inferiority, it is not on the part of the printers. To gaze on the humble Madrid printers, clad in the servile blouse, bowing obsequiously when addressed by any one from the editorial-room, moves an American newspaper man to inward laughter. For if any one is boss on an American daily, it is generally the printers' foreman—even the night editor is afraid of him. Yet the imperious foreman must at times take orders from the "father of the

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chapel," an official elected, according to ancient usage, by the printers voting as a "chapel"; if the "father of the chapel" orders the printers to stop work, they will disobey the foreman, and stop. If the printers' union orders the "father" to call his "chapel" out, he will do so without question, and they will walk out. And at such a threatened call, the owners of great dailies turn pale, and temporize. It is no wonder, then, that the humble dress and demeanor of the Madrid printers should impress an American newspaper man.

Next to the *Heraldo,* probably the most enterprising Madrid daily is the *Liberal.* It is now publishing editions simultaneously in the Spanish capital and in Seville, Barcelona, Malaga, Cadiz, and Santander; the telegrams, European and American, are identical, but the local news varies in the different editions. The *Liberal* is not so partisan as are most newspapers in Spain; it would be difficult to suit its politics to so many cities. Apropos of politics, I repeatedly found, in the *Liberal* and other Spanish papers, a word which for a time puzzled me—*Mitin.* At last I saw the phrase *Mitin Republicano,* and thus solved

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the riddle — it was our word "meeting" in Spanish spelling. Many other English words are found in European political usage, notably "speech."

Only once in six months did I see San Francisco's name figure in the foreign telegrams, and that was while we were in Spain. News of a hurricane in some South Pacific islands came to Europe by way of San Francisco on the *Mariposa,* the name of which steamer was variously spelled as follows, in different journals: *Maricosa, Marycosa, Marhosa, Marihosa, Marhosia.* This last appeared in the leading daily paper of Granada, *La Publicidad.*

But this was one of the rare dispatches we saw from home during our stay in Spain. There were practically no dispatches concerning the changed relations of the United States, Cuba, and the Philippines. Revengeful feeling against the United States, if any ever existed, seems to have disappeared entirely; we observed no evidences of it during our stay. There came one day to the Madrid papers an inflammatory dispatch from New York, saying that mobs were attacking the Spanish legation in Havana, in revenge for a similar

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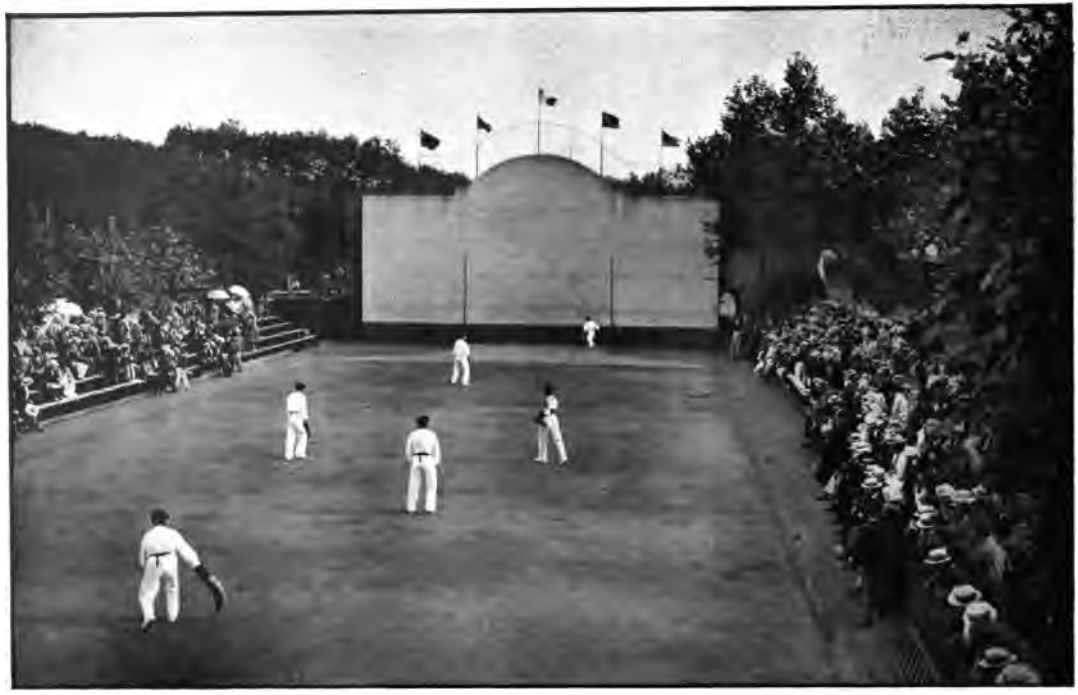

AN OUT-DOOR PELOTA FRONTON WITH SIX PLAYERS, THREE AGAINST THREE.

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occurrence in Madrid. This occurrence, according to the veracious New York dispatch, consisted of a demand from a Madrid mob in the Puerta del Sol that the Cuban flag, hoisted for the first time that day, should be lowered—which demand (said the dispatch) was backed up by the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs. This dispatch was received in Madrid with mild astonishment, but no resentment. As a matter of fact, none of these events occurred at the place and on the day stated, except that the Cuban minister hoisted his flag. This I know, for the building where the Cuban flag floated was just across the square from our hotel, and on that particular date we were in and around the Puerta del Sol all day. It is not probable that the loungers in the Puerta del Sol knew the Cuban flag from the banner of Bulgaria.

The Basque game of " Pelota " has become naturalized in Madrid—as for that matter in all large Spanish cities. It is a mania in Havana. I believe an unsuccessful attempt was made to introduce it in San Francisco a

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few years ago. But there can be no doubt as to its success in Madrid. The game is a kind of handball, but is played with scoop-shaped rattan rackets bound to the wrist with thongs. The courts are about six hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, divided into rectangles something like tennis-courts. There are two players on a side, called *rojos* and *azules* — reds and blues. The ball is served against the end-wall, and the player on the opposite side must return it. The points are counted much as in tennis, but otherwise the game is very different. The ball is served with a velocity which is astounding: a player at the back of the court often hurls it with such violence that it rebounds from the *fronton* or opposing wall to the wall behind him — something over a thousand feet. Occasionally the ball will strike the corner of the court, in which case it comes out among the book-makers, attendants, and spectators on the ground floor, the higher-priced seats being above. When such a ball shoots out, it is amusing to see the spectators get out of the way—like lightning a clear lane appears among them, through which hisses the ball. At the old baseball grounds in San Francisco—the good old days, when Plancus

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was consul and Casey at the bat—occasionally a "hot" ball, tipped off the bat on a foul, would fly into the club boxes, and shake up the bond-holders; but such a ball was like floating thistledown compared to the "hot" balls at the "Pelota" *fronton* in Madrid.

Not only is the game exciting, but the crowd itself makes an exciting scene. Spaniards are born gamblers, and during the progress of the "Pelota" games there is a continuous roar of betting. The book-makers stand on the floor of the court shouting out the odds. Their partners in the galleries above take the spectators' bets and toss them below in little rubber balls, while the book-makers return the pool-checks by tossing them back. There was some very neat catching done—I saw no muffs. In Spain, at bull-rings and similar places, much business is done "on the fly" by peddlers of oranges, cigarettes, and matches.

As the game nears its end, the excitement grows greater; if one side passes the other and then falls back, the odds suddenly change. There was no fighting the day we were there, although it sounded a good deal like a riot. Evidently it was not always so peaceful, as large placards on the walls urged the spec-

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tators to be calm, to respect the law, not to fight, and not to attack the players.

The bull-fighting season in Spain is in summer rather than in winter, but the lovers of the "sport" are so enthusiastic that continual *corridas* take place in Madrid during the winter season when the weather is fine—which it often is. The only difference between the winter and the summer fights is that some of the star *espadas* may be absent in Mexico or Cuba; if so, they are replaced by their understudies. Otherwise, the programme is exactly the same. Spaniards call the star bull-fighters *espadas,* and never *toreadors* — a word which apparently one hears only outside of Spain. The word *torero* is used, but it is a generic term for a bull-fighter, and is applied to any of the men in the *cuadrilla,* or troupe, whatever their functions, high or humble.

While we were in Madrid, such a winter bull-fight took place. Whatever one may think of a bull-fight, the drive to the bull-ring is interesting. It seems as if the entire populace of Madrid were bound there. Thousands go on foot; other thousands cram the tramcars; hotel omnibuses and railway omnibuses are pressed into service; all sorts of extempo-

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rized conveyances are used; wagons and carts, with boards laid across for seats, are crowded with men; one-horse cabs carrying six people are to be seen; hundreds of mounted men are in the procession, sometimes two (or even three) astride of a single horse or ass; handsome private carriages are mixed up in the mass; and every now and then you will see a gayly attired *picador,* his clumsy trousers quilted with strips of steel, riding to the ring on the poor Rosinante which is destined to be killed under him. So with the *espadas* — the *matadores* — the killers. They also drive in state to the bull-ring, stared at, applauded, at times giving a patronizing nod or an affable wave of the hand to some young marquis or dandy duke—some blue-blooded lover of the "sport," who beams all over at this flattering recognition from a taurine star.

Such a carriage-load passed us — a barouche, containing not one bull-fighter, but four — four *espadas.* They almost hubbed our carriage as they went by, they were so close, and we could scan their gorgeous, gold-laced jackets, their fine, linen-lawn shirts, their odd Tam-o'-Shanter caps, their smooth-

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shaven faces with blue-black chins, their bold, black eyes, their heavy, firm-set jaws.

"What a chance for a snap-shot! Have you the camera?"

"No — have you?"

"No — isn't it under the seat?"

No, it wasn't under the seat — it never is when you want it. The camera was calmly reposing on the table at the hotel. So we lost our magnificent snap-shot of four *toreros* only a yard away.

There are many difficulties in the way of getting good snap-shot photos while traveling. When you have a good group, you have no camera; when you have a camera, you have no group. Then the groups you want are always in the shade, while those in the sun are never the groups you want. Furthermore, tourist photography is a business by itself — if you wish to take photos, you must subordinate everything to that occupation, and sight-seeing and excursions generally must go by the board. As a result, the average tourist who wants to enjoy himself takes photos only when he has the opportunity. The surroundings are not always favorable. Often you are so beset by beggars that photography is impos-

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CORRIDA DE TOROS

MADRID

SEIS TOROS, DESECHO DE TIENTA Y CERRADO, de las acreditadas ganaderías y con las divisas siguientes: CUATRO, con encarnada y blanca, de la del EXCMO. SR. DUQUE DE

VERAGUA

de Madrid, y DOS, con blanca, grana y amarilla de la de

D. Filiberto Mira

de Olivenza (Badajoz).

PICADORES.—Francisco Saranda (Charol), Manuel Santiago (Maserga), Lorenzo Lillo (Pinche), José Codes (Melones chico), Miguel Malero y Manuel Marcos; en el caso de inutilizarse los seis, no podrá exigirse otros.

ESPADAS

Cástor Ibarra

COCHERITO DE BILBAO

Tomas Alarcon

MAZZANTINITO

BANDERILLEROS.—Cayetano Fernández (Cayetanito), Elías Labrador (Pinturas), José Morales (Ostioncito) y Tomás Fernández (Alfarerito); Luis Leal, Justo Sánchez (Zurini) y Manuel Muñiz.

SOBRESALIENTE DE ESPADA (sin perjuicio de banderillear).—Elías Labrador (Pinturas).

PUNTILLERO.—Francisco Torrijos (Pepín chico).

LA CORRIDA EMPEZARA A LAS TRES EN PUNTO

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sible. The over-enthusiastic amateur sometimes spoils a pleasure-tour by trying to take photographs all the time, and his only recompense for a spoiled tour is a lot of spoiled films.

The bull-fight was announced by enormous posters, which ran as follows:

GRAND BULL-FIGHT
Weather Permitting
TO-MORROW.
Six bulls from the great bull-breeding farm of
His Excellency, the Duke of Veragua,
Colors white and red,
And two bulls from the farm of Don Filiberto
Mira Badajoz,
Colors white and yellow.

ESPADAS:
CASTOR IBARRA
"COCHERITO DE BILBAO"
[Nickname]
TOMAS ALARCON
"MAZZANTINITO"
[Nickname]

Six Picadores [names and nicknames given, one of them called "Little Melons"].

Seven Banderilleros [names and nicknames given, most of them diminutives formed from their native places].

Follow the hours of opening, the particulars about the regulations concerning seating, etc., prices of seats, and localities where they can be purchased.

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The weather was superb. The old saw says that Madrid's climate is *nuevo meses invierno, tres meses infierno* —"nine months winter, three months hell." But even in Madrid there are fine winter days, and this was one of them. There was an enormous crowd. The Hippodrome seats twelve thousand people, and every seat was filled. I was amused to notice that the musical and poetical cry of which Washington Irving wrote —"Water! water! here is water from the Sierra, clearer than crystal and colder than snow"— was replaced by the more laconic and plebeian "Beer!" The other frequent cries were "*Abanicos,*" or fans, and the odd cries of the orange-sellers — odd because they generally left out the name of their commodity; they cried "*Quien quiera buena, buena, buena?*" ["Who wants good, good, good?"] This they would repeat incessantly, and about once in a score of times add explanatorily and explosively: "*Naranjas,*" or "Oranges." Another oddity was that the sides of the amphitheatre were reversed—the "Sol" and the "Sombra," the sun and the shade. In summer, the shady side is the high-priced one; in winter, the sunny side. We who sat in the

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sun were glad to buy their cheap fans from the *abaniqueros* to shield ourselves from the ardent rays. But I observed that the vast crowd all came provided with wraps. They placed them on the stone seats and used them for cushions when they did not procure the pillows offered for hire on every hand. While the sun was high, fans were going, coats were off, and handkerchiefs were mopping streaming brows. The moment the sun sunk behind the lofty range of the Guadarrama Mountains the twelve thousand arose as one man, took up coat or cloak, put it on, shivered, and fastened it around them. The Madrileños evidently know their climate, so we imitated them.

I do not intend here to describe a bull-fight. At this late date in the world's history such descriptions should be made penal offenses. I shall merely mention a few incidents of the day, one of the most notable of which was this: While there was a slight pause in the performance, and while the bull with lowered head was facing the *banderilleros,* who had not yet succeeded in launching their barbs into his body, a slender, black-clad youth of about seventeen vaulted lightly over the barrier, deftly lodged two *banderillos* in the

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bull's shoulders, and vaulted back again before the amazed bull-fighters could move a hand. But in a moment two *alguaziles,* two civil guards, four soldiers, and four *chulos* pounced upon the slender stripling, and we saw him disappearing at a quick pace, marched off between this double line of gold-laced gentry. He was evidently bound for the lock-up. But the twelve thousand people stood up on their stone benches and protested. They yelled, and whistled, and roared. They threw up their caps. They demanded that the president of the bull-fight should pardon the youth. This was done. Señor Campillo relented, called back the criminal with his grim guardians, presented him with a cigar, and bade him go in peace and sin no more.

It was indeed a proud moment for this youth. Evidently some day he will be a bull-fighter, and one of the great men of Spain.

The only other incident I consider worthy of mention is that one of the poor old horses, brought in to serve as helpless slaughter-blocks for the bulls, did not play his part well. When the attendants led him blindfolded up to the bull, and turned him broadside on so that the bull could eviscerate him more

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easily, the old horse lashed out his heels so violently that he drove the bull away. When his rider dismounted, and tried to make him be reasonable and get killed quietly, the old horse nearly killed him, too. So they led him away alive.

"Bravo, toro!" the Spaniards often cry to a good bull.

"Bravo, caballo!" "Brave old horse!" shouted I, while the wondering Spaniards stared at me.

If he had kicked the head off a bull-fighter or two, I would not have shed a tear.

By the way, I forgot to mention that six bulls were killed and four horses gored to death during the course of the bull-fight, and a very disgusting spectacle it was.

The day after the bull-fight I looked over the papers with much interest to read the accounts. One in the *Heraldo* was headed "Scandalous happening at the bull-ring." I nodded my head approvingly. "Ah," said I, "evidently some Spanish newspapers are opposed to this disgraceful and cowardly 'sport'

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— so-called. I am glad to know that Spaniards are not unanimous in their love of the bull-ring."

And I settled myself down with a smug smile and a fine puritanical glow to read the diatribe. I had seen the bull-fight — I had disapproved of it — and now I was going to read all about it.

I had not seen the yellow dailies of my own favored land for a long time. I began to realize dimly that I was missing their sanctimonious — and minute — accounts of prize-fights and *crim. con.* cases under the heading "Disgusting Details" and the like. Here in this Spanish daily there was a chance for me to feel again the thrill of the American newspaper reader—to wallow, as it were, in muck, and then, scraping it off, to arise refreshed and purified, agreeing with the yellow daily in virtuously condemning vice.

But Spain is a land of surprises. The article did not turn out exactly as I had anticipated. It was headed "SCANDALOUS HAPPENING AT THE BULL-RING," and I thought it referred to the spurring of a dying horse around the ring, his hoofs tangled in his own — ugh!

But no—it said nothing of that. *"Whither*

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are we drifting?" it began. *"What kind of a gathering and what kind of a president was that of yesterday? By the weakness of the president and by the excessive good humor of the spectators, the function of yesterday bids fair to destroy all respect for authority and all of the decency and good order which should preside at the bull-ring.*

"Madrid"—went on the writer—*" is supposed to be a civilized capital. She has big buildings and palaces; she has electric lights and electric tramways with their trole; she has art galleries, theatres, and operas. But can such a city claim to be civilized when she permits such scandalous proceedings as took place yesterday? The occurrences in the bull-ring were unworthy of the capital city of Spain.*

"Every one knows to what we refer," continued the justly indignant *Heraldo. "During the course of the bull-fight yesterday, a rash youth — whose name we suppress — leaped over the barrier and fixed a pair of ear-rings to the third bull."* [This use of the slang phrase shows a slight weakening in the writer's severity.] *"This young man, whatever his social standing — and we believe he*

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belongs to a good family — should have been taken before the nearest police judge and given a heavy fine and imprisonment." Here the *Heraldo* again grows severe.

"*However,*" the moralist goes on, "*we do not so much blame the hot-headed youth as we do the spectators. These thousands of people who applauded this deplorable act are deserving of the most severe reprobation. The youth, in a moment of bull-fighting vertigo* (vertigo taurino), *was impelled to commit a foolish act. But when the spectators applauded him they struck at the very foundation of the decency and social order of our bull-ring.*

"*The deplorable effects of this scandalous affair of yesterday can not fail to have far-reaching results at subsequent corridas. Other youths will follow the example of this misguided young man, and soon the ancient and honorable sport of Spain will be sunken to a low level indeed. Happy are we to say that as there were just men in the Cities of the Plain, so also there were found some genuine lovers of manly sport at the bull-ring yesterday. Some few there were who were*

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wise enough to hiss this deplorable and scandalous scene. But they were very few."

I rose from the perusal of this philippic with a somewhat dissatisfied feeling. True, it was condemnatory, but it condemned things the wrong way, condemn it! It did not leave me in the fine virtuous glow I had looked for when I sat down. Ah, they would have handled it differently at home. More than ever I find I miss the dear yellow dailies of my native land.

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Into Andalusia

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Into Andalusia

AS a general rule, tourists going to Spain would do well to enter the country from the north. The south of Spain is infinitely more interesting than the north. The American tourist is apt to enter Spain by one of the Mediterranean lines, touching at Gibraltar. If so, he will find his interest waning as he fares toward the north. Madrid is less Spanish than any Spanish city, and Barcelona is more commercial than Spanish, more Catalan than Castilian. On the other hand, if the tourist enters Spain from the north, he will find his interest growing as he goes southward, and it will culminate in Andalusia.

When we were leaving Madrid for the south — quitting cold Castile for sunny Andalusia — we drove from our hotel on the great central square to take the night train. The "grand cafés" on the Puerta del Sol

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were all crowded. From the street without, in the clear, frosty air, the interior of a Spanish café, seen through the windows, looks like a pea-soup fog. But it does not smell like one — this I know from experience. The sight alone of a Spanish smoke-filled café is remarkable, as showing what human beings can breathe, but the air inside is altogether too thick for me.

Although one often hears that the tobacco habit prevails universally in Spain, it is impossible to know how general that habit is until one visits there. People smoke incessantly, under all conditions, at all hours, and in all places — excepting in church. Men smoke in the railway carriages; they smoke in all the tram-cars; they smoke in all the minor theatres; they smoke in all the restaurants, in the hotel dining-rooms, and, of course, in the cafés. In business offices, the merchant and his clerks smoke. In shops, the shopman, while trying to sell goods to a lady, will stop to roll a cigarette, which, when lighted, he will puff in her face. You see conductors and drivers of tram-cars smoking. All the hackney cabmen smoke all the time, while even coachmen and footmen of private carriages

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sometimes smoke on the box. I have seen priests smoking as they crossed the cathedral-yard to begin service, and I have seen altar-boys in their surplices at the cathedral door, slipping out, between responses, to smoke a cigarette. Beggars approach you, cigarette in mouth, to whine for alms. If you ask for tickets at a railway office, the clerk lays down his cigarette as he hands you the dingy bits of pasteboard. The innumerable peddlers all smoke cigarettes ceaselessly. I have seen no women of the better class smoking cigarettes in public; they may smoke, but if so, I suppose they do it at home. My private opinion is that, as a rule, Spanish ladies do not smoke, for they cough much less than the men. The lower-class women, including the gypsy women, smoke on the streets.

There are many young women in the United States who protest that they "perfectly dote on tobacco-smoke"; who tell their men friends that they "just love the smell of a good cigar"; and who themselves occasionally smoke cigarettes, in a gingerly, lady-like way, because they think it "sporty." For years I have been a steady smoker, and have smoked strong Havana cigars, nut-brown

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meerschaum pipes, jet-black clay pipes, short-stemmed briar-wood pipes, and long-stemmed "German student" pipes. I have smoked nearly every kind of pipe except a Turkish narghileh, or water-pipe, and I draw the line at that—I will swap pipe-stems with no man. But although a seasoned smoker, I freely admit that I can not stand the air in a Spanish café.

Some of the giddy girly-girls who "just dote on tobacco-smoke" ought to come to Spain. They would get all the tobacco-smoke they want for the rest of their natural lives.

If the cigarette habit is universal in Spain, so are its sequelæ. On every hand you hear the deep, hacking, pulmonic cigarette cough. Tuberculosis is rife in Spain, and while the doctors say that excessive tobacco, *quâ* tobacco, has nothing to do with tuberculosis, they admit that "excessive tobacco-using brings about a condition or diathesis constituting a favorable *nidus* for the growth of the bacillus of tuberculosis." But doctors or no doctors, *nidus* or no *nidus,* nobody doubts that

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there are many more tuberculous persons among confirmed cigarette-smokers than among non-smokers.

Query — Can there be any connection between the marked degeneration of Spain and the abuse of tobacco in Spain? There is no Occidental country where tobacco is so abused as in Spain, unless we say Cuba, and the Cubans are reputed to be more degenerate than the Spaniards. As for Spanish America generally, tobacco is not abused there to such an extreme as in Old Spain. But it is used too much in all of New Spain—so much that the development of Spanish America has been and is retarded. Compare the development of New Spain with that of New England. Compare the development of Spain's old colony, Alta California, under Spanish government, with that of California under Anglo-Saxon government.

To those who may attribute Spain's degeneracy to the race itself rather than to tobacco, the answer is that the race is primarily a vigorous one, and is most vigorous where the tobacco habit is least practiced — as in the Vizcayan provinces. To those who may ascribe Spain's degeneracy to the Inquisition,

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or to the expulsion of the Jews and Moors, or to the influence of a bigoted priesthood, the answer is that the Inquisition ended many decades ago; that other countries have expelled useful citizens like the Jews without more than temporary loss; and that other southern European countries are largely dominated by bigoted priests, and yet are not so degenerate as is Spain. To those who may sneer at the theory that excessive tobacco brings about degeneracy, and to those who may point to the fact that the habit is wide-spread throughout the world, the answer is that it is the abuse and not the use of tobacco which causes mental and physical degeneracy, although it is probable that even the moderate use does nobody any good. While Anglo-Saxon nations use tobacco freely, they none of them use it to such an excess as the Spaniards. Probably ninety-five per cent. of the Spaniards smoke. I have no statistics at hand — perhaps none exist—but it is not probable that (including women) more than thirty per cent. of Anglo-Saxons use tobacco.

Tobacco advocates may point to the Orientals as examples of a people using tobacco freely without ill effect. The illustration is

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unfortunate. The Orientals not only use tobacco to excess, but they seem to me to be advanced degenerates. The Ottoman Turks have been a fine race, physically and mentally; for five hundred years they have held in subjection Servians, Herzegovinians, Albanians, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Roumelians, Greeks, and other Christians; they still hold under their suzerainty as vassals many of those Christians whom they formerly held as subjects; it was only by a combination of practically all the European powers that these vassal Christians succeeded in even partially lifting the Turkish yoke after more than five hundred years. This long control shows how dominating and virile a race is that of the Ottoman Turks. Yet they also are abusers of tobacco, and they also have become mental and physical degenerates, as are the Spaniards of to-day. So with the other Mohammedan nations which are excessive users of tobacco. It would seem as if the zenith of their power was coeval with the time when the tobacco vice was first introduced among them.

So was it too with Spain. In " good Queen Bess's glorious days," Spain's armadas swept

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the seas, Spain's treasure-galleons brought tribute to her from every quarter of the world. England's buccaneers by royal patent —such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Francis Drake—were the first to humble the haughty Spanish sailor, to lower the arrogant Spanish flag. Yet it may be questioned whether any of England's bold sea-rovers ever wrought as much harm with cutlass or culverin as did Sir Walter Raleigh when he brought back the Nicotian weed from the American Indies, and set Spain's dons a-dreaming until Spain dreamed her sea-power all away.

To those who might consider these theories fine-spun and fantastic, I will advance another—one more practical and material. In these modern days, time is the most precious of all things with which men work. It is more precious than any raw material. It must not be wasted—lost time can not be regained. In great factories and shops the most rigid rules are laid down for the daily conduct of the operatives — even as to their physical functions. In some of the New England mills the factory-girls are not allowed to wear laced shoes: it was found that stopping

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to tie their shoes involved a loss to the mills of hundreds of hours per year. Let us, therefore, take merely that phase of the cigarette habit—the loss of time. Spain has a population of about seventeen millions. Say that, of these, one-fourth are workers—a moderate estimate. Of these four millions, probably ninety-five per cent. smoke cigarettes; thus three million eight hundred thousand workers are cigarette-users. It is no exaggeration to say that a cigarette-smoking Spaniard will consume at least twenty cigarettes per day—probably many more. It takes at least a minute to roll and prepare a cigarette: this also is an underestimate. Thus we have an average of twenty minutes a day per worker consumed in what is not only not a gainful but a harmful practice. Waiving the mental and physical harm to the individual, the aggregate loss of time to the commonwealth is something like this: Twenty minutes per day per worker; three million eight hundred thousand workers; number of working days per year, deducting Sundays and the numerous Spanish holidays, about two hundred and sixty; three million eight hundred thousand persons would thus perform about seven bil-

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lion seven hundred million days' labor per year. By losing twenty minutes a day per worker, Spain loses about forty million days' labor every year.

What country could stand such a drain as that? Even our own great republic, with its rich resources, its mines of gold and silver, copper and quicksilver, iron and coal, its boundless fields of wheat and corn, its orchards, its vineyards, its cattle-ranges, its thousands of mills and factories and shops, where the hum of industry is ceaseless—even this great country would go backward, were it to lose twenty minutes per day per worker for a score of years.

I have elsewhere spoken of the excellence of the fish in Spain. That the fish should be so good at Madrid is all the more surprising, as no fresh-water fish is found in its vicinity. True, they have a "river" there, the Manzanares, but this stream has been a constant jest to all tourists, from Dumas down. If any fish ever came to Madrid via the Manzanares, they must have come on roller-skates.

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As a matter of fact, most of the Madrid fish-supply is sea-fish, and comes from Gallicia.

In all the large cities we found not only the fish but the game very good. In steamships and dining-cars one frequently encounters what is called "high" game. I have no quarrel with people who like it that way, but I personally do not believe in feeding on the flesh of the lower animals after mortification has set in. Therefore, when traveling, I always inspect suspicious viands by means of that organ with which God has mercifully endowed us for the purpose of detecting bad smells and bad food — to wit, the nose.

While in a restaurant-car between Madrid and Cordova, my vis-à-vis at table was a courteous Castilian; he noticed my caution, and assured me that it was unnecessary.

"In Spain," said he, "we do not keep game hung long, as in some countries, but we eat it fresh." He laughingly added, "We have a proverb that we 'eat it while it walks.'"

I thanked him for his assurance, but was struck by the ominous sound of the phrase— eating things that can walk. In return for his Spanish proverb I yearned to relate unto

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him a merry jest—to wit, that this would be but a dubious assurance in our country, where remarks on cheese and game that can "walk off the table" are time-honored and side-splitting joemillerisms. But I reflected on the many obstacles to making a successful joke even in one's own language, let alone the enormous difficulty, not to say danger, of making a joke in a foreign one. So I thanked the Spanish gentleman briefly, and relapsed into silence.

But what an excellent joke that would have been if I only could have told it to him!

The guide-books are unanimous in at least one thing, and that is in saying: "Do not stop over night in Toledo." They all of them urge the tourist to go from Madrid to Toledo in the morning and return in the evening of the same day. The extreme badness of the Toledo hotels seems to be generally admitted everywhere. But even if Toledo's taverns take in the tourist, the tourist must take in Toledo, for it is one of the sights of Europe.

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The old Toledo once had nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants; now it has only twenty thousand. It is more like a Moorish city than any other in Spain. Its streets are narrower and more crooked than those of Cordova and Seville. With its iron-grilled gateways and iron-studded doors, Toledo is a gloomy and depressing place. But it has many sights of interest for the tourist, among them the famous cathedral and the Alcázar. Of the cathedral, which has been often described, I will content myself with saying that it was begun seven hundred years ago, is a fine type of pure Gothic architecture, and is famous for its beautiful stained-glass windows. Next to the cathedral in point of interest are the Alcázar and the old Moorish bridge, the latter dating back to the thirteenth century. The Alcázar, like other Moorish buildings in Spain, has been so often destroyed and restored, burned down and blown up, that it would seem as if very little of the original Moorish work were left. This particular Alcázar has been burned down three times and blown up twice. The last time it was burned down was fifteen years ago, and they are still working on the "restoration."

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No one can deny the interest Toledo has for tourists, but they all seem in a hurry to have done with the city's sights, and get away. It is so with many cities. No one cares to visit Jerusalem twice. Once is enough for Constantinople. Yet every one leaves Cairo regretfully, and revisits it with pleasure. So with Seville — all travelers leave it with the hope of some day returning. But Toledo to tourists has no such charm. They go there as a duty; they are interested; they consider their duty done; and they leave with rising spirits. In short, they take Toledo as they take a pill.

When we left Madrid for Cordova, I regretfully parted from a bright elevator-boy who was trying to learn English. He could say "All right," "Good-morning," and "Thank you," with a startlingly correct accent, considering how little he knew of the language. I became interested in him, and determined to devote some time to teaching him what might be called the tough or Bowery tense of the American language. This irregular or American tense I instructed

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him to use in answering the questions of guests, conjugating irregularly the verbs "to go" and "to come." It may be remembered by philological students that in even comparatively recent English these verbs retained the old Latin auxiliary "to be" instead of "to have." For example, all through the "Decline and Fall," Gibbon carefully writes "*were* come" instead of "*have* come." This influence of the Latin on our modern speech may be the genesis of the irregular American Bowery or tough tense.

I took much interest in this bright boy, and drilled him carefully in replying to questions — for example, thus:

"No, Mees, I have not SAW your mother this morning, but your father has CAME from breakfast and has WENT out."

The Spanish language, owing to the Latin lingering in its syntax, lends itself more readily than any Romance language to this irregular tense. The elevator-boy took readily to my instruction, and I wrote out the irregular forms of the tense in order that he might avoid error.

Few people would take so much trouble as this. But I always believe in doing kind

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actions. Just think how gratefully the sound of "have CAME" would fall upon the ear of a Tar Flat politician who had left San Francisco and gone to Europe until "it blew over." Fancy how sweetly would sound "has WENT" to the ear of a Tammany boss if he happened to be traveling in Spain. These little acts of kindness, sown broadcast while traveling, will spring up in little flowers of speech, even as the actual flowers of nature spring up after rain.

Talking of irregular tenses, just as we were arriving at Cordova, I heard a voice in the next compartment crying:

"Where's my val-lay?"

The valet came.

The voice continued: "Where are we at now?"

The valet's voice replied to the American millionaire: "At Cordova, sir."

I knew he was a millionaire because he had a val-lay.

And I knew he was an American because of his use of the redundant congressional prepositional form "where are we AT."

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MARKET-PLACE, CORDOVA.

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Cordova well repays a visit. Still, its attractions may be disposed of in a couple of days, if you are pressed for time. It does not take long to see the sights of a small European city—that is, as the average tourist wishes to see them; unlike the artist and the archæologist, he does not desire to study them. Cordova has a magnificent cathedral, once a mosque; an uninteresting Episcopal palace; a "new" Alcázar, only six hundred years old; an "old" Alcázar; other notable old Moorish buildings; some Roman remains; and a handsome bridge across the Guadalquivir, which the natives call Moorish, but which is unmistakably Roman—in fact, some antiquarians attribute it to Augustus Cæsar. In the foregoing list may be summed up the principal attractions of Cordova.

But the cathedral alone would well repay one for visiting the city. It was begun by Khalif Abdurrahman in the ninth century, when Cordova was a great city, and the capital of Moorish Spain; now it has only some fifty thousand inhabitants. The building was — and is — the second largest of all the Mohammedan mosques in the world. It is famous for its forest of columns, and is some-

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times called "the cathedral of a thousand columns"; to be exact, I believe there are still standing about eight hundred and fifty. The columns are of various materials, including colored marbles, jasper, and porphyry. Many styles of architecture are shown in the capitals, including all the classic orders, some Gothic, some Visigothic, and many irregular Moorish and Byzantine types. The cathedral has a courtyard with colonnades on three sides; it is planted with orange-trees and contains fountains which the Cordovans look upon as very beautiful. Of the Alcázar, it may be said that the old or Moorish part is nearly all in ruins; what still stands is principally of Spanish construction. As for the cathedral, when the Spaniards boast, as they often do, that Christians built the Cordova mosque, one may believe it implicitly. But they did it as slaves, and were whipped to their work by Moorish task-masters.

Unlike Toledo, Cordova has at least one good hotel, the "Fonda Suiza," kept by Swiss. It has an excellent table, and fresh sea-fish is served daily, brought from Malaga by the express train.

When we arrived at Cordova it was seven

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FOREST OF COLUMNS IN THE CORDOVA MOSQUE.

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o'clock in the morning, and the sun had not yet warmed up the scene. It was our first introduction to sunny Andalusia, and it seemed a trifle arctic. At the station were gathered natives wrapped in cloaks, standing around dolefully, like chickens on a winter's day. Their costume and pose irresistibly reminded me of the "greasers"— as the "gringoes" call them — whom one sees standing around Mexican stations wrapped in *ponchos*. As we drove from the station through the city, we continued to see evidences on every hand that it was cold in sunny Andalusia. Every man we met was wrapped in a cloak. I even saw workmen dressing stone and laying mortar, and they too wore heavy cloaks as they worked.

Never in my life have I seen such wrapping and muffling as I saw in Spain. The men wear very heavy cloaks — heavier than any outer garment we have in America, except fur-coats. These cloaks are usually lined with colored plush; the insides of the front flaps are often lined with two colors. Even the poor seem to possess these showy garments. Of course, those worn by the rich, and particularly the younger dandies, are

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more costly; the cloth is usually of the finest quality; they are lined with quilted silk, and faced with rich silk velvet; the facing *(la vuelta)* is not sombre, but usually of bright colors — yellow, green, or red. There are many ways of wearing the cloak: when it is tossed from the right side to the left shoulder, it is called *torciado;* muffled over the face, with only the eyes exposed between hat-brim and cloak-fold, it is *embuzado*.

Sometimes the men have pointed hoods to their cloaks, but even when the cloaks are not hooded the wearers wrap the capes around their throats and mouths, and even around their heads. I have often seen a Spaniard tightly wrapped in a cloak, and with a muffler so bound around his head that only one ear, one eye, and one nostril were exposed.

They know their climate and its treacheries better than strangers. But I would not exchange the climate of California for that of sunny Andalusia. Still, since I have seen the Spaniards muffle themselves up, all over sunny Spain, and even in sunny Andalusia, I have concluded that one may admit the occasional necessity of an overcoat even in California.

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One of the reasons for such careful muffling is the Spanish terror of pneumonia. Not only in Madrid, but throughout all Spain, this fear seems to be felt. It may be folly for a stranger to underrate the danger — when traveling, it is usually wise to do as the natives do. But while one cannot ignore the variable climate of Spain; the torrid sunshine and arctic winds of its great central plateau; the fickle thermometer of Madrid; and the dangerous difference there between sunshine and shadow — still I am struck by these three things:

The women do not wrap and muffle as the men do.

The women do not smoke as the men do.

The women do not die of pneumonia as the men do.

Of course, there are non-smoking women in Spain who have weak lungs and die of lung-fevers; there are also cigarette-smoking men who have strong lungs and die of old age. But the fact remains that delicate women go forth freely, neither hooded nor wrapped, yet take no harm, while their big husbands go forth, wrapped and hooded, yet smoking freely, and take pneumonia.

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To these theories various objections might be urged. It might be said, for example, that most of the Spanish women are plump, and most of the Spanish men are lean; that therefore the ladies, being favored by nature with more interstitial adipose tissue, have not such need of wraps or cloaks. Then, again, it might be said that all the Spanish women smoke at home. That may be true, but they certainly do not smoke abroad. It is always dangerous to generalize from insufficient premises. I have seen an English peeress, wife of a duke of almost royal blood, smoking cigarettes in an Oriental café; I have seen a Sicilian princess, wife of an Italian marquis, smoking long black cigars in a Paris restaurant. But it does not follow from this that English peeresses and Sicilian princesses invariably smoke.

I loathe beggary. I dislike gambling. It is said that there are only three ways of getting money—earning it, begging it, or stealing it. I refuse to say under which head I put gambling: the reader may do that himself, according to taste and fancy. But I loathe

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beggary and beggars. They are the curse of Spain. I do not merely mean that beggary annoys the stranger—that is a trifle. But beggary saps at the vigor of the nation. It is so easy to live by beggary that hundreds of thousands do not even try to live by labor. If you doubt how easy it is to live by beggary, follow a beggar in these southern countries, and note his gains. I have dogged the steps of a hulking loafer; have seen him accost all manner of people along the road for a mile or two; have seen him beg from all, even from poor priests and people poorer than priests—the poor, by the way, give freely to beggars. I have seen such sturdy rascals pick up in an hour or two as much as a hard-working laborer would get for his day's wage. Under these circumstances, it is almost surprising that any men labor at all.

In Spain, beggary is not considered dishonorable. There are families in Spain who for generations have been beggars. They look down on laborers. They consider a beggar who has gone to work as one who has dishonored his family and his profession. In rural districts the "beggar on horseback" is by no means a myth — the mounted beggar

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in Spain does not hesitate, I am told, to ask alms of the man on foot. If you say you have no "small money," they will even offer to make change.

But I loathe beggars. Poor people who work ought to be helped, but poor people who won't work—no. To the old woman who is an honest vender, you may give more than the price of her wares. I do not mean the begging fakirs pretending to be peddlers — I mean the genuine venders. In Spain and Italy, you find many old women selling to the poor—fried potatoes, roasted chestnuts, cakes, bread, even water. Old women stand at the public fountains, cup in hand, and sell water to passing cabmen at a fifth of a cent per cup. When a thirsty cabby has been driving me and has stopped for a drink, I always ask the old woman for a cup of water and give her some coppers, even though I do not drink; water out of public cups in Southern Europe is not to my liking.

With these views, it is unnecessary to say that the beggars of Spain have an unpleasant effect upon me. But it is only an ephemeral effect, for they get no money from me. I pay no attention to them unless they are physi-

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cally obtrusive, which they often are; the children persistently walk between your legs, trying to block your way, while the old women walk against and in front of you so closely as to give you insectiferous apprehensions.

Under these circumstances, one might be pardoned for getting angry, but it is useless. One is told that the time-honored formula, *"Perdon, hermano, por el amor de Dios"*— " Pardon me, brother, for the love of God "— always drives the beggar away. Quite frequently it does, but sometimes it does not. My favorite expedient is to give money to somebody else. If a whining old woman importunes me, I let her walk along by my side until I come to a working old woman, when I stop; taking out some money, I let the beggar get all ready to receive it; then, telling the whining woman that I will give her nothing, I hand it to the working woman. This object-lesson has often brought me volleys of curses from the whining woman, but beggars' curses must surely go home to roost.

One day at Cordova we were crossing the picturesque pseudo-Moorish bridge, when a beggar-boy of fourteen or fifteen ran along by

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the side of the carriage, importuning us in a nasal whine to give him alms for the love of God. I stood it half-way over, when we met a brisk youth of about the beggar's age; this lad was mounted on an ass laden with panniers of vegetables. I bade him stop, which the astonished youth did; then saying to him and to the beggar-boy, in my best Spanish, "Nothing to him who begs, a present for him who works," I handed the industrious youth a small gratuity, which he received with surprise, but joy. It might be said he had not earned it. But he had—he had given me an opportunity to furnish an object-lesson to the beggar, which I much desired to do.

To the beggar with his whine—"*Una limosna por el amor de Dios*"—I indulged myself in the luxury of saying: "*Anda al diablo por el amor de Dios,*" which greatly amused the coachman, and sent the beggar to the right-about.

One sees all sorts of odd sights in the streets of Spanish cities—odd, that is, to American eyes. One of these is the spectacle of herds of goats being driven through the streets and

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ALMODOVAR GATE, CORDOVA.

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milked at the consumer's door. Not that this sight is peculiar to Spain—one sees it in Italy and other parts of Europe. For that matter, the milking of cows in the presence of the consumer is also common in Southern Europe. It is not half a bad idea. In American cities, I fear that it is an exception to get pure milk. Even when it is not adulterated with "preservaline" and other patent poisonous agents, based on salicylic or boric acids, milk is frequently "stretched" with water, and not clean water at that. Probably a large percentage of the many cases of typhoid fever come from the filthy water which milkmen mix with milk. In Southern Europe, such methods of carrying disease by water-borne sewage may be rendered impracticable — at least in the matter of milk.

In Spanish cities, one does not see so many cows being led around for milking as in Italy; the masses of the Spanish people rely on goat's milk. In the larger cities, like Madrid, Barcelona, and Seville, there are establishments where cow's milk is sold; their signs always read to that effect —"Leche de *Vaca*" —"*Cow's* milk." So with butter—there are several kinds of butter in Spain—"Manteca

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de *Vaca,*" or "*Cow*-butter," as also the "bull-butter" which comes in tins, mainly from America; then there is simple *manteca,* or plain butter, which looks like lard. It is a dreadful composition of pork-fat and suet, used principally for cookery.

Goat's milk is not only consumed in its liquid state, but is made into cheese; quite a variety of goat's-milk cheeses are made in Spain, but they do not appeal to the foreign palate. The favorite brand of goat seems to be the Maltese, as the milk-dealers advertise that their milk is "from the finest breed of Maltese goats." They advertise that they will deliver milk at the consumer's domicile, either "on the hoof," or by the litre—raw, at fourteen centimos a litre, and "cooked" at sixteen centimos a litre.

Another odd sight to be seen in Spanish cities is the manner of moving household effects. In cities like Toledo and Cordova, most of the streets are very narrow and the houses tall — sometimes six or seven stories. The streets are often so narrow that horse-vehicles are not permitted in them. When the people move from place to place, their household goods and chattels are transported in

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hand-carts; then, instead of being painfully lugged up the narrow staircases (for there are no elevators or "lifts"), they are hoisted in large baskets with block and tackle to the particular floor to which they are destined; when there, they are passed in through large, door-like windows. On most of these buildings one sees ornamental iron hooks projecting from the topmost cornice of the façade, to which the tackle is adjusted; it works on precisely the same plan as that followed in American stable-lofts for hoisting hay. In the United States, about the only articles thus hoisted into buildings are heavy iron safes. But after seeing the workmen handle all kinds of furniture in Spain in this manner, it seems not a bad way of getting goods into the upper stories of tall buildings.

There are many curious juxtapositions in the old cities of Spain; for example, you see electric wires for power-companies, telephones, telegraphs, and tramways affixed to buildings centuries old. One day we noticed an old house in Cordova on the front of which was a shrine containing a figure of the Virgin and child, battered, crumbling, and time-worn; beneath it was the date "1656," while

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on the stone shelf supporting the shrine there was affixed an iron bracket, on which hung a modern incandescent electric light.

Still another thing that strikes an American oddly is the appearance of houses in process of construction—a new house going up looks like an old one coming down. One reason is that old scaffolding is invariably employed; in our country the planks used for scaffolding are usually new. In Spain, they evidently use their scaffolding over and over again, as the planks are gray and weather-worn, and look as if they were many years old. The appearance of the walls carries out this look of age—they are generally of rough masonry, to be afterward stucco-covered.

But one of the oddest things is that they should be erecting any new buildings at all in ancient towns like Toledo, Cordova, or Salamanca. Still, in every city in Spain that we visited, there were new buildings going up. Perhaps it was due to the destruction of old buildings by fire. But this in itself is not the least of the oddities we noted, for how these buildings of stone, with little or no wood in them, can burn as they do is difficult to understand.

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One morning in Cordova as our carriage turned sharply out of a seven-foot street into a magnificent eleven-foot boulevard, I noticed in a hasty glance the sign-board on the corner, "*Calle Pedrosa*"—"Stony Street." I looked up this highway: it was indeed a stony street—it looked like the bed of one of California's bowlder-strewn "dry creeks." I congratulated myself that we were not going up Calle Pedrosa, but going down some other street.

But I speedily found that the street we were on, if not the Street called Stony, or the Street called Straight, was as stony as the other one. It nearly rattled our teeth out.

Ere long, I became convinced that any or all of the streets in Cordova might be called "Stony Street." The streets there all seem to be paved in the same way—the pavement is of round, water-worn pebbles, like our old cobble pavements. Instead of the street having a crown, it slopes toward the centre like a V-shaped flume, and the centre of the street acts as a gutter. Fancy what a delightful driveway such a pavement makes. If the Cordova carriages ever had springs, they were broken long ago. I am told that Cordova was the first European city to have paved streets—

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under Abdurrahman, A. D. 850. If so, I am convinced that the Cordovans cling to the original style of street-work.

Apropos of pavements, Spain's capital city, Madrid, is not any too well paved. The pavement there usually consists of oblong basalt blocks, rather roughly laid; dust and filth therefore accumulate in the interstices. Scattered around Madrid there are vast spaces of ground which are not paved at all. Many of the plazas, *paseos,* and boulevards consist of a narrow strip of basalt blocks in the middle of the roadway, a narrow strip of asphalt in the middle of the footway, and wide strips of bare, dusty ground on either side of both footway and highway. These unpaved portions, if sown with grass, would be beautiful; as it is, they are unbeautiful and unclean. The winds, which at Madrid are strong, blow the dust to and fro in these vast spaces, and I have come to the conclusion that those who say that San Francisco is the dustiest of cities have much maligned her. As for the basalt-block pavement, it is so rough that people prefer to drive on the bare ground. When the Madrid four hundred, in their elegant carriages, come in from their afternoon

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drive, both they and the lower ten thousand, who contemplate them from the sidewalk, are enveloped in clouds of dust.

Strangers drive over these rough pavements with their teeth rattling in their heads; they breathe a sigh of relief as the wheels occasionally roll on the smoother surface. The remark will be made, "It seems to be smoother now," and the reply comes, "Yes, there's no pavement here."

This reminds one of the old story of the railways in Dixie when they were rougher than they are now. The train had been roaring, rocking, and bumping along for some hours, when suddenly there was a crash, and for several minutes the wheels revolved with the utmost smoothness. Stopping the conductor, who was hurrying through the car, a passenger asked: "Anything the matter, conductor? She seems to be running very smooth." To which the conductor briefly replied: "Yes, we're off the track."

One day we saw some French prunes for sale in a Cordova shop. They looked so

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plump and appetizing that we tasted them, and found them delicious. They were put up in tins holding five kilograms, and the price was about twenty-eight cents per pound. They were carefully packed, and the dealer showed us that those at the bottom of the tin were just as good as those at the top.

Twenty-eight cents per pound! This made me reflective. During the last couple of years the prune-growers in California have had difficulty in marketing their product for more than three cents per pound. Probably most of them have not averaged more than a cent and a half. But here were French prunes selling in Spain for twenty-eight cents per pound.

Yet they are handicapped with a duty, and Spain produces a fair quality of prunes of her own. Why can French prunes cross the Spanish frontier, and sell at a higher price than the native product? The answer is easy—because they are carefully cultivated, gathered, dried, selected, packed, and shipped—all *carefully*. If equal care were exercised in handling California's product, she would have little difficulty in marketing her prunes at high prices. All over the world there are plenty

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of people who will pay good prices for good things. But good things they will have.

What conditions exist concerning the handling of California prunes? As a matter of fact, it is difficult to buy, *continuously,* choice California prunes in California. For years a leading San Francisco club purchased a certain brand of Italian prunes; they are high-priced, but they are always good and always the same. The club-steward found it impossible to secure uniformity in the California prunes; hence he was forced, by the members' complaints, to resort to the foreign article. Even in the Santa Clara Valley, in the heart of the prune district, it is impossible to purchase *first-class* California prunes at the largest grocery in the valley.

When California offers in the world's markets certain grades of prunes, of invariable excellence, carefully selected, and carefully packed, so that purchasers may order by brand or name with the certainty of not being deceived, California will command as high prices for her prunes as France does, for the California prunes are just as good as the French, and I think better.

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When we were leaving Cordova, our faithful guide, Diego, had secured a compartment and had hired a porter to keep the door closed. But when we had secured our tickets, had our "big baggages" registered, and reached the train with our "little baggages," Diego's countenance fell. There was a man in our compartment. Diego addressed the delinquent porter with much severity, but the porter protested that he had done all he could. It seems the new-comer was too important a personage to stand off; Diego confided to us in a garlickey whisper the rumor that the stranger was no other than the Alcalde of Toledo. Somewhat mollified, we mounted into the carriage, bade farewell to Diego, and gave him our blessing and a small guerdon.

The conductor shouted *"Señores, al tren,"* the nonsensical way in which the Spanish say "All aboard." The station-master rang his little dinner-bell, which is the foolish fashion they have in Andalusia for starting a train, and we glided out of the station.

I looked curiously at the Alcalde. There was really nothing very remarkable about him, for he was a small, undersized, sallow man, with a scanty black beard and a shiny

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frock-coat; he looked like a rural pedagogue. But what a title—"The Alcalde of Toledo"! It reminded me of "The Student of Salamanca," and I wished that with my striking title I could construct such a striking legend as did Washington Irving with his magic pen. But I did not have the time, and we were not going back to Toledo, and I lacked the pen and a few other things, so I let my legend go.

The Alcalde seemed to regard the country with much curiosity for a regular resident; I noticed that he was assiduously checking it up with a red-bound book. At the first opportunity I glanced at the back, and saw that it was a "Guide Joanne pour l'Espagne et Portugal." This rather surprised me. Why was our Alcalde reading a guide-book? Why read a guide-book at all, if an Alcalde? Or, if not an Alcalde, and yet Spanish, why read a French guide-book? These mysteries puzzled me mightily as the train sped through the fertile fields, the endless vineyards, and the olive-orchards of fair Andalusia.

Midday came. I ceased looking at the Alcalde, and began looking at our lunch. But like lightning I ceased looking at our lunch,

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and began looking at the Alcalde. For there is a Spanish custom to violate which is considered boorish — you must offer to your neighbors, in railway carriages or elsewhere, a share of whatever you may have to eat, drink, or smoke. I looked dubiously at the Alcalde of Toledo. He no longer seemed to me—like the Spanish soldier in "The Student of Salamanca"—a fit subject for a legend. On the contrary, he looked like a very flesh-and-blood person, with no sign of a lunch-basket about his kit, and as if he might be hungry. I began to hope that if I invited him he would decline. We had with us only one small chicken and two large appetites.

"*If* I invited him," do I say?—I decided that I *must* invite him. You must always follow the customs of the country. So I tried to frame a Spanish phrase or two, befitting an invitation to the Alcalde of so ancient a city as Toledo.

I can generally manage to dig up some Spanish, if given time. If hurried, I sometimes get rattled, as was the case the other night, when a brigand with a brass-bound cap suddenly climbed into the carriage from the foot-board outside, and demanded something

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of me—I didn't know what. I offered him my train-tickets, but he refused them. He spoke a rich Valencian Spanish, for we were whirling over the Sierra Morena range, altitude 6,000 feet, and his dialect was too high for me. After he had vainly attempted to convey his ideas to my dull intellect, he disappeared as he had come; thereupon a fellow-passenger, who spoke the same weird dialect, succeeded, after a vast amount of labor, in telling me that the brigand was a baggage-transfer agent, as we call them in our country. I didn't know they had them over here.

To return to Toledo's chief. I collected my thoughts, and after much reflection turned to the Alcalde of Toledo. *"Señor,"* said I, with a graceful wave of the hand toward our lunch-basket, *"puede usted darnos el honor de tomar un poquito de merienda?"* and as the Alcalde seemed somewhat staggered, I added, explanatorily, *"Alguna cosa para comer."* My Castilian grammar may be a little shaky, but to the meanest intelligence it was apparent that I was requesting him to do us the honor to take a slight snack with us.

The Alcalde hesitated, and seemed to be

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thinking as deeply over his reply as I had over my invitation. At last he spake.

"I no spik Spaneesh. I Fransh-Canadien. I hear you spik Angleesh, sare. I no spik Angleesh, but I understand him a leetle. Wat was you say, sare?"

What a dreadful mistake! Our Alcalde of Toledo turned out to be not from Toledo, and no Alcalde at all. But if he had not understood my Spanish he had understood my gesture, and he fixed an intent eye upon our chicken.

I always rise to great emergencies. With much presence of mind, I refrained from repeating the invitation in English. An impulsive man might have blurted it out and ruined the whole situation. I controlled myself, and inwardly determined that my invitation had a string to it. The Spanish custom, said I, is not supposed to prevail, even in Spain, except with Spaniards — certainly not with French-Canadians. I determined that my invitation should be considered as null and void. So, with much suavity, I said I merely wanted to know whether he objected to my opening the window. The Alcalde of Toledo cast a regretful glance at the chicken, and assured

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me that he did not. So we fell to, and devoured our fowl.

At the next station the Alcalde descended and purchased two aged Spanish sandwiches, which he ate without enthusiasm. Evidently I was right. He had no lunch-basket in his traveling kit.

Among the unsolved mysteries of this affair, these points rise before my mind: Did the porter deceive Diego? Was Diego really deceived? Or did Diego deceive us? Did Diego, at the last moment, determine to hoodwink us about the stranger, in order that we might go away in a mollified and interested frame of mind? Did Diego fear that otherwise our farewell might be cold, our gratuity meagre?

It is a humiliating conclusion, but I am forced to believe that Diego conjured up a phantasmal Alcalde of Toledo, fearing otherwise grave danger to Diego's guerdon.

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Granada and the Alhambra

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Granada and the Alhambra

IN traveling between Seville and Granada one realizes the convenience of "through trains" and trunk-lines. From Seville to Cordova is a main line; from Cordova to Malaga is a main line; but not from Seville to Malaga, nor from Granada to Seville. The two trunk-lines intersect like a Greek cross, the point of intersection being Bobadilla.

From Granada, Valencia, and the North—from Malaga, the Mediterranean, and the East — from Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, the Atlantic, and the West — from Algeciras, Gibraltar, and the South, the rails run to Bobadilla.

When a tourist is around London, he soon comes to the conclusion that it is almost impossible to get into or out of the big city without passing through Clapham Junction. In leaving London, Clapham seems to be the

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gateway to Great Britain. So Bobadilla seems to be the Clapham Junction of Southern Spain.

For a time, after leaving Seville for Bobadilla, there is no picturesque scenery—one sees only a fertile but monotonous plain. It is not until the train is nearing Bobadilla that it begins to climb into the hills. After reaching Salinas the scenery becomes picturesque. Elsewhere I have remarked that the Seville landscape reminds one of Corot rather than of Salvator Rosa. But the mountains near Granada, with their stern and frowning fronts, remind one irresistibly of Salvator Rosa. We are still in the brown mountains instead of the white, although we soon see the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Here we pass the magnificent estate of Soto de Roma, the property of the present Duke of Wellington. As a reward for his service in Spain, the Iron Duke was offered the choice between the great unfinished palace of Charles V. in the Alhambra, and this estate of four thousand acres. With great wisdom the duke chose the modest farm. After the Battle of Salamanca, it was granted by the Cortes to the first Duke of Wellington and his

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COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

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heirs, and Ferdinand VII. confirmed the grant. It is principally planted with olive-trees and vines, and brings the present Duke of Wellington about twenty thousand dollars per annum.

Next we pass the town of Santafé, notable, first, because here was signed the contract with Columbus concerning his voyage to America; second, because the sign-boards there spell it in one word, "Santafé," instead of, as we do, in two—"Santa Fé." If any one should question its correctness, I can only plead that the people there spell it so—at least, I so saw it on their sign-boards; doubtless they ought to have more sense, but they have a right to spell or print the name of their own town in their own way. There is a town in the Middle West which the natives baptized "Chili," erroneously supposing that they were giving it the name of "Chile," the South American republic; having wrongly named it, they proceeded to pronounce incorrectly the erroneous spelling of the wrong name—thus: "Cheye-leye." Still, that is the correct local or indigenous pronunciation of Chili, Indiana, U. S. A.

While on this subject, I may add that most

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Californians would hoot at the phrase "Nevada Sierra." Yet in a dithyrambic poem on Granada, her "gardens of eternal verdure," her "crystalline rivers," and her circle of "magnificent meadows sweeping up to the eternal mountains," the Spanish poet, Martinez de la Rosa, writes:

"Y la Nevada Sierra
Corona los lejanos horizontes."

It is never wise to be too sure of anything. As Barkis said, nothing in this world is "certain sure" but death and taxes.

And now we sweep into the famous *vega* of Granada, a plain which is celebrated, even in beautiful and fertile Southern Spain, for its fertility and its beauty—a smiling valley set like an emerald in the midst of sullen brown ranges of mountains, these mountains themselves girt by the lofty white range of the Sierra Nevada, some of whose snow-clad peaks rise twelve thousand feet above the sea.

Washington Irving speaks of the Sierra Nevada around Granada as "covered with

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perennial snow." Joseph Pennell corrects Irving, and says he has seen the range without any snow. But Señor Francisco de Paula Valladar, author of several works on Granada, says that many of the peaks are snow-clad practically all of the time, and that two of them, Mula-Hacen and Veleta, have never in historic times been seen without a snow-cap.

This shows how difficult it is to get at the truth. But Señor Valladar ought to know, for he lives in Granada.

As we rode over the famous *vega* of Granada, we noticed that there were great fields of wheat and sugar-cane, as well as groves of orange-trees, citron-trees, and palm-trees. For many miles on either side of the railway—on what we in America call "the right of way"—there were blossoming almond-trees, planted so closely together as to form a sort of hedge.

When we reached Granada, the size of the city surprised me. As usual, I was humiliated by my previous ignorance. That the province of Granada is a large and important part of Spain, I knew, but my ideas concerning the

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city itself were hazy. To be quite frank, I had thought of the Alhambra as an ancient Moorish pile—part palace, part fortress, and part prison; Granada I vaguely believed to be a little village at its foot—like the pretty hamlets one so often finds clinging to mediæval fortresses. My surprise was great, therefore, when I found Granada to be a rich and important city. But my ideas of Granada were entirely based on Irving's "Alhambra," and as he barely mentions the city, the Granada blanks in my sensorium were directly due to the blanks in his book.

Granada is, in truth, a large city for Andalusia, having some seventy-five thousand inhabitants. It contains a cathedral, a university, and a bull-ring—which last gives a city a certain standing in Spain. It is picturesquely situated on three spurs of the Cerro del Sol. One of these is the Albaycin, once the aristocratic Moorish quarter, now occupied by gypsies; the River Darro runs between this and the Alhambra hill. The newer quarters of the city lie on the slopes of the Alcazaba and the Mauror.

The Granada cathedral, an imposing monument, is said to be the finest Renaissance

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GYPSY GROUP, ALBAYCIN QUARTER.

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building on the peninsula. It contains the magnificent tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, Philip of Austria, and the Infanta Johanna, whom the Spaniards call *Juana la Loca,* or "Crazy Jane." There is a crypt beneath the monuments, where the custodian shows the leaden coffins, one containing Philip's remains, which his witless wife carried around with her continually until her death.

There stands in Granada, in the Plaza de Tovar, the imposing palace of the Duke of Abrantes. The name is Portuguese, not Spanish, and the title was conferred by Napoleon on General Junot. It is probable that this palace belongs to some kinsman of that impetuous soldier, although he spent his light-won money like water, and left his widowed duchess to die poor. Is it not strange that in poverty-stricken Spain one should find a palace owned by the heirs of a French soldier of fortune whom Napoleon made a duke, and a few leagues away a magnificent estate belonging to an English soldier of fortune who also won a dukedom with his sword?

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Granada not only has a cathedral, but a palace inhabited by an archbishop who presides over Almeria, Cartagena, Murcia, Guadix, Jaen, and Malaga, as well as Granada. If I remember aright, it is in this archiepiscopal palace that Le Sage set the scene of the downfall of Gil Blas. It is an old story, but worth retelling.

The picturesque and picaresque Gil Blas attracted the episcopal eye. Gil Blas was young, good-looking, quick of foot and tongue. The bishop approved of Gil Blas, his youth, and his quickness. Gil Blas approved of the palace table and the bishop's beds; they were softer and warmer than those to which he had been used. He also liked the bishop's sermons — or said so. His praises pleased his grace immensely; the bishop thought Gil Blas a young man of great discernment, and said so. Thus both parties were pleased.

But as Sunday after Sunday passed, and Gil Blas found himself ceaselessly praising the bishop's sermons, he feared lest his eulogies might become monotonous. He did not wish to excite the bishop's suspicions. In short, Gil Blas feared to lose his job. So he determined

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to mingle a little gentle depreciation, a suspicion of acidity, with his next dose of honeyed flattery.

After high mass next Sunday, as they were seated at table eating truffled capon, and other meagre archiepiscopal fare, the bishop observed that Gil Blas said nothing of his sermon, and remarked on his silence.

"True, your grace," responded the Machiavelian young man, "but my silence is because I fear your grace might be offended were I to say that to-day's sermon was not quite up to that of last Sunday."

The bishop stared at Gil Blas, and dropped his knife and fork.

"I do not mean," that foxy person hastened to add, "that the sermon was not a grand and sublime effort. It was more than that — it was Augustinian — it was apostolic — it was infused with piety and eloquence."

"And yet," remarked the bishop, in icy tones, "you are good enough to say that it is inferior to last Sunday's sermon?"

"Not very much inferior, but just a *leetle* bit, your grace," replied Gil Blas, who began to scent trouble.

The bishop looked attentively at the young

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man. "Gil Blas," said he, slowly, "I see that I have been mistaken in you. I thought you were a young man of taste and discernment. I see that you are an ass. Go to my treasurer, get what is due you, and begone."

And the holy man withdrew, leaving Gil Blas to reflect on the folly of believing that flattery can be given in overdoses.

Turning from cathedrals, palaces, and the other guide-book sights, Granada has its practical side. There is a university in Granada, with a College of Sciences, a College of Philosophy and Letters, a College of Pharmacy, a College of Civil and Notarial Law, and a College of Medicine and Surgery. This university not only furnishes instruction to undergraduates, but also provides educators for other parts of Spain. When we were there, competitive examinations were being held among the Granada graduates to fill the chairs of psychology, ethics, and civil law, which posts were vacant in certain technical and general institutions in Cabra, in Pamplona, and in Palma, the chief city of Majorca, one of the

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MARKET-PLACE, VALENCIA.

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Balearic Isles. Another active competition was going on for the chair of mercantile law, then vacant in the University of Valencia. Another Valencia vacancy was the chair of Spanish history, while still another post awaited a professor in the Institute of Sauria, that of instructor in psychology, logic, and ethics. These items will give some idea of the importance of Granada as an educational centre.

The numerous students would seem to be well organized in various ways. It was the eve of the carnival, and the students had enrolled themselves into a compact body for its celebration, under an executive committee, with honorary and active presidents. The daily papers published a list of the working committees, including the musical members, with the instruments they played, among them mandolins, violins, flutes, and guitars, even down to the humble triangle.

The competitive educational spirit in this remote part of old Spain is not confined to the university examinations: I noticed advertisements in the Granada journals addressed to young men desiring positions in the Bank of Spain. This great financial institution is

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housed in an enormous building at Madrid—not only enormous, but architecturally imposing. Like the Bank of England, it controls the nation's notes of issue, and it has branches all over the peninsula. The candidates' requirements were set forth in the advertisements as follows: "A knowledge of mercantile arithmetic, double-entry bookkeeping, commercial correspondence, the Spanish commercial code, and the transaction of banking business. A knowledge of modern languages, while not obligatory, will be given high credits." These examinations are competitive, and the candidates winning the highest percentages are given posts as clerks and accountants in the bank.

Passing from education to religion, Granada evidently takes high rank as an ecclesiastical centre. The richness of the cathedral and its annexes shows the great wealth of the diocese. How religion stands in the community is shown by the space accorded it in the daily papers. Every morning, under the heading "Religious Bulletin," there is a list of the functions to take place in the cathedral and its many chapels, as well as in the other churches of Granada. The newspapers also

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announce the sermons to be preached in the cathedral by the various divines.

We reached Granada immediately after a municipal election, and the walls were still covered with inflammatory placards appealing to the electors. They were much the same as in our country — in fact, I have noticed a family resemblance in election placards throughout the world. The new alcalde or mayor had just taken possession of his chair. His first act was to send a telegram to the young king saying: "In taking possession of the alcalde's chair I hasten to send to his majesty the king, and to the royal family, assurances of my respectful and most loyal support."

I like to look over the advertising pages of the journals in foreign cities — they are frequently more interesting than the news pages. In glancing at the advertisements in the Granada newspapers I observed the announcement of a soap-factory situated in a thoroughfare called "The Street of the Virgin." Its manager oddly announces that he will "teach soap-making in all its

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branches." Judging from the appearance of the Granada beggars, I think that a course in soap-using is much more needed.

There are many advertisements of different brands of beer for sale in Granada. This rather surprised me, as I did not know its use was common in Spain. But not only is beer *(cerveza)* sold all over Granada, but beer-drinking would also seem to be fashionable, as one fashionable café is called the *Cerveceria Inglesa* or " English Beer-Shop " — the term " beer-shop " being used like the French *brasserie,* which is a kind of café. This concern serves "drinks of all kinds, and every brand of beer." Daily it posts announcements on the café-front of the ices of the day. One day, for example, they read: " Paris Cream " and " Foam of Coffee." On the bill of fare, the prices for coffee are given as follows: " Superior coffee, thirty centimos; made in the Russian coffee-pot and in the presence of the customer, forty centimos."

The Granada dailies contain no advertisements of the fine shops in the Zacatin, which is the principal shopping street of Granada. It is a short and narrow street, closed to vehicles. Its name sounded to me like the

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Street of the Money-Changers, or the Goldsmiths, or the Jewelers—in short, it had the ring of the precious metals. But I found that in the Moorish times it merely meant "The Street of the Rope-Makers." These Zacatin shops contain attractive assortments, but the only distinctive thing they sell is lace.

Among the nick-nacks found in Granada's shops are "Albaycite knives," coming from the Albaycin, or gypsy quarter. These knives have handsome handles of tortoise-shell, ivory, or ebony, The lower classes of women are reputed to carry these knives, and from the newspaper accounts of affrays in the Albaycin, it is evident that the women do not scruple to use them when occasion serves.

But the principal part of the stock in the Zacatin shops is made up of jewelry, silverware, and trinkets imported from Paris. In short, as one so often finds in shops abroad, they sell things that come from Somewhere Else.

In the advertisements of the Granada papers I notice the time-table of the Railway Company of Southern Spain. This is most unusual in Southern Europe—when you

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want a time-table there, you generally have to pay the railway company about five cents for it. Another thing — the conservative communities of Europe have not bowed so obsequiously to "standard railway time" as we have in America. In some European cities, Eastern trains bring Eastern time, Western trains bring Western time, while the city does business on its own time. In Granada, the railway company advertises thus: "Our trains are run on the time of Greenwich meridian, or fifteen minutes faster than the cathedral clock, which is the standard Granada time."

It is interesting to find in this ancient and time-worn city the same expectancy of a coming boom so characteristic of our youthful and hopeful West. True, Granada is decadent. The phylloxera has ruined her vineyards; the vast grain-fields of new countries have cut into her returns from cereal crops, and her manufacturing industries have fallen off. To quote a local writer, Señor Valladar: "Granada's most important in-

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dustry, hat-manufacturing, in which there had been built up a large and important export trade, not only to all Spain but to foreign countries, has fallen into evil days. This is due to the continual strikes. These trades-union manifestations have allowed other countries to take away entirely Granada's foreign hat-trade, and have seriously diminished her trade in Spain." The old English proverb, "as mad as a hatter," is thus strikingly exemplified in these striking Spanish *sombrereros.* But despite these depressing circumstances, old Granada is hopeful. She expects great returns from the sugar-beet, which has been planted with good results in the valley-lands around her; the chimneys of sugar-beet factories now dot the landscape.

From the local prints, I find that Granada is also hopeful of more railroads. She wants a line of rail to place her in communication with Calahonda or Almuñecar—"which are the natural ports of Granada, and not rivals, as are Malaga or Algeciras [Gibraltar]." This is not unlike the attitude of Fresno, which looks upon San Francisco as a rival,

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and wants a line of rail to the coast, with its own seaport, somewhere near Monterey.

In this respect, old Spain again resembles new California. When Granada had no railway, she hoped some one would come along and build one. When some one came along and built one, she hoped that somebody else would come along and build another.

As souvenirs, we purchased a Spanish translation of Irving's "Alhambra," and several other books printed in Granada—and all very badly printed, by the same token. Typography seems to be a debased art in Spain. The old Spanish books that one sees with the imprimatur of a fifteenth or sixteenth-century printer are admirable — the ink is rich and black, the types are clear, well-cut characters, the paper is linen fibre, honest and tough, and the sheets are strongly sewed with stout thread, and set into substantial covers, enriched with handsome tooling, on good gold-leaf instead of Dutch-metal. The Spanish books of to-day are poor, shabby things; they often contain villainous wood-

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cuts or worse half-tones; they are printed with worn type on dingy wood-pulp paper; they have title-pages that look like patent-medicine almanacs; they have ill-proportioned head and foot-margins; the sheets are folded askew; the signatures are badly sewn; they are put, half-pressed, into unseasoned cases with moldy paste and cold glue — in fact, they are so badly bound that a new book will sometimes come apart in your hands. And to this low level has fallen the Art Preservative in Spain.

We secured some other Granada books printed as badly as the "Alhambra" translation—done, in fact, by the same typographers: "The Señors Widow & Sons of Paulino Sabatel." A "Widow of Some One," or a "Widow & Sons of Some One"— these are common firm-names in Europe. The Widow Sabatel prints an advertisement at the back of the "Libro de Granada" — a collection of sentimental poems and elegant essays by the Granada Four Hundred. From this advertisement I learn that the widow and her sons "execute all kinds of typographic works, from the most simple to the most difficult"; and that they also print "devotional books

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containing chromo-lithographic pious pictures." As to these last, I say nothing: piety doubtless covers bad printing, as charity does sin. But it is painful to see such wretched typography in works devoted to the magnificent monuments of the Moorish time.

The translation of Irving's "Alhambra" is entitled "Cuentos de la Alhambra, por el Caballero Washington Irving: Version Castellana, por José Ventura Traveset." This gentleman is an "auxiliary numerary professor" in the University of Granada, whatever that may be, and his book contains a biographical sketch of Irving by D. A. Gonzalez Garbin, who occupies the chair of classic literature in the same university. The book is dedicated thus:

"To my much loved spouse, Doña Maria del Mar Gonzalez Prats, and to the greatly loved children of my soul, José and Maria del Mar. May God heap benedictions upon them is the wish of

"THE TRANSLATOR."

One of my favorite stories in Irving's charming book is the legend of "The Student

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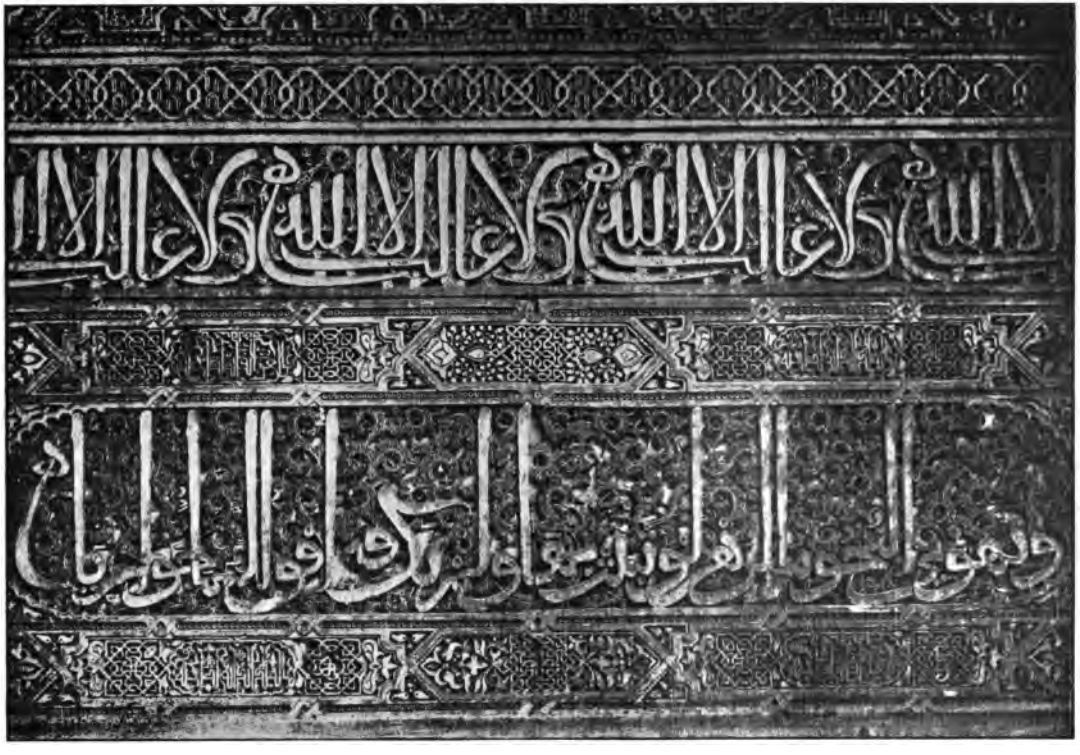

Decorative Details of the Hall of the Two Sisters, Alhambra.

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of Salamanca and the Enchanted Soldier." I seemed to remember that it contained some of Irving's sly hits at the padres, and turning to the story in my English "Alhambra," I found this:

"Padre Tomas was one of the saints of Granada. He had a pet lamb to smooth his pillow at night and bring him his chocolate in the morning. He certainly was a mirror of good if not of holy living — robust and rosy-faced.

"To aid his steps in ascending the hill, he leaned gently now and then on the arm of a handmaid, evidently the pet lamb of this kindest of pastors. Ah, such a damsel! Andalus from the rose in her hair to the fairy shoe and lace-work stocking. Andalus in every undulation of the body. Ripe, melting Andalus."

Irving goes on to narrate the discovery of the enchanted treasure; how the student gets the good padre to exorcise the demons by fasting and prayer; how the padre struggles with the flesh, and his final success; how he takes a large basket of food and wine (and his pet handmaid) to the scene of the exorcism — the maid because she was a Christian virgin, proof against temptation, and therefore intrusted with the task of opening the enchanted locks of the coffer with the magic seal of Solomon. The success of the exorcism,

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the wealth of gold and jewels before their dazzled eyes — all these things Irving sets forth with inimitable art. But does he not also describe the dreadful effect of a chaste kiss given by the padre to his pet lamb? The coffer shuts with a slam, priest, student, and maiden find themselves without the tower, while the unfortunate soldier within is doomed to mount guard again for another hundred years.

This, my favorite legend, I hastened to seek in Don José's Spanish translation. But I could not find it. It was gone — evanished like the enchanted treasure, and not a trace of it left. Evidently the worthy professor feared that Irving's story of the rosy-faced padre and his demure pet lamb might not be suited to his chaste spouse and the children of his soul.

The Alameda is the boulevard where the Granada aristocracy resort for their afternoon drive, and one may see here many handsome private carriages. Again I could not repress a feeling of surprise at such evidences of great wealth, in the midst of the beggary,

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filth, and squalor of this ancient town. Looking from the carriage-windows were Granada's belles, not seldom wearing quizzical smiles at the sight of the hordes of tourists. For the city is nearly always filled with pilgrims to the shrine of the Alhambra. I was told that many of these Granadans had never themselves inspected the beautiful pile of Arabian buildings on the hill. Odd, isn't it? —when thousands of people come thousands of miles to see the Alhambra. Yet there are thousands of Californians, with time and money enough, who have never visited the Yosemite Valley, when foreigners come tens of thousands of miles to see it. Perhaps the Granadans are not so odd after all.

But they may be pardoned for their quizzical smiles at the Alhambra pilgrims. While we were in Granada three shiploads of tourists arrived — two from Gibraltar, the third from Malaga. One of these lightning tourists told me that his party were waked at 3:30 A. M. at Gibraltar; took their train at five o'clock; traveled all day; arrived at Granada late in the afternoon, after the Alhambra gates were closed, and too late for out-door sightseeing; got up early the next morning; were

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whisked through the Alhambra; whirled thence to luncheon; and were started back on their long rail journey to Gibraltar at two o'clock. I saw some of them, sad-eyed, haggard, and wan, getting into their train, and I do not wonder that the Granadans smiled. It is certainly a very curious way of traveling for pleasure.

I heard a dialogue between two of these rapid tourists. The boasts of travelers have always amused me — above all, the superior air of the man who has crossed the Atlantic twenty times when patronizing him who has crossed it but nineteen.

Tourist Sprint thus addressed Tourist Trot: "Did you go over the whole of the Alhambra?"

"Yes," replied Tourist Trot, "and the Generalife, too. Did you go there?"

"Yes," replied Tourist Sprint, sharply, "of course I did. But I hope you didn't miss the view from the Torre de la Vela. It is puffekly grand. It is ——"

"Miss it!" interrupted Tourist Trot, warmly, "of course I didn't miss it. I knew all about that view before I came. Is it grand? Well, sure, it is! But say — how

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TORRE DE LA VELA, GRANADA.

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many times did you go to the Alhambra — hey?"

Here Tourist Sprint's countenance fell. "Well," . . . he weakly began, "you see, I ——"

"I will bet a red apple," said Tourist Trot, triumphantly, "that you aint been there but once."

Tourist Sprint admitted the shameful fact.

"I supposed as much," said Tourist Trot; "you made the mistake of your life — see? Now, *I* hurried up my lunch, left the hotel at one o'clock, took in the Court of Lions and the Hall of the Abencerrages, and got to the train at two o'clock all right, all right. *I have been to the Alhambra twice!*"

Tourist Sprint looked at him with baleful eyes, and grew green with jealousy.

The Torre de la Vela crowns the cliff which dominates the beautiful valley where lies Granada. Looking down from the tower, the view spreads out before you like a panorama; far below, you see human beings and animals, looking like insects, so distant are

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they; yet you could toss a pebble to them from where you stand. All sorts of processions go by. You see long herds of goats; then come files of asses, bearing panniers of vegetables and fruits; not infrequently you see a funeral procession, with the pall-bearers carrying the coffin on their shoulders.

As we lean on the parapet and gaze idly below us, we see a trio crossing the Darro on the Moorish bridge.

"Look at that officer, with the two ladies."

"How do you know he is an officer? Many private soldiers here wear swords or sabres, and at this distance you can not see his epaulets or other insignia of rank."

"I know it because his companions are wearing hats; therefore they are ladies; if not ladies, they would wear no hats; if ladies, they would not be walking with a common soldier; therefore, their companion is an officer."

Not only in Spain, but in other Southern European countries, it is customary for the women of the people to go forth without hats or bonnets, but ladies rarely do.

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GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.

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Around the Alhambra, the blossoming almonds, even in winter, give a touch of spring. There are two kinds of almond blossoms there, white and pink; I questioned a passing carter about them, and was told that the white are *dulce,* or sweet, and the pink *amarga,* or bitter; the first being used for candies, the second for soap. There are many evergreen trees around the Alhambra, including pines, cypress, and fir. We saw one tall sequoia in the grounds of the Generalife; we wondered how this lusty young California giant came to be planted there, and by whom. There were also, around the Generalife, bay and laurel trees, singularly like our indigenous California laurel and bay. A fine avenue of English elms leads up from Granada to the Alhambra gate.

The climatic conditions around Granada are tolerable in winter, although it is very cold at night. But even in winter it is warm at midday in the sun. In the late spring and in the summer, the temperature, the odors, the beggars, and the fleas must make the place almost unendurable.

On my way to the Alhambra, I passed through three stages; the first was prejudice. Ever since childhood, the Alhambra and the

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Tower of London had been dinned into me until I grew sick to death of both. The sort of thing which produced this frame of mind was probably such ravings as these by George Ticknor:

"The Alhambra is a name which will make my blood thrill if I live to the frosts of a century. . . . Not . . . like the quiet, hallowed delight of a solitary, secret visit to the Colosseum or the Forum, where the moonbeams slept upon the wrecks of three empires and two thousand five hundred years; but as a riotous, tumultuous pleasure, which will remain in my memory like a kind of sensual enjoyment."

The idea of an elderly Bostonian thus thrilling and throbbing, after a two days' visit to the Alhambra, runs perilously near the ludicrous. Yet that is the sort of thing I have been reading about the Alhambra ever since I could read at all. I have always believed it impossible for any group of buildings to be as beautiful as the Alhambra is said to be. Therefore, when I was nearing the famous pile, I was curious to analyze my own emotions. Well, my primary prejudice yielded to admiration — principally, however, for the exterior, and the natural beauty of the surroundings. My third phase was that of repul-

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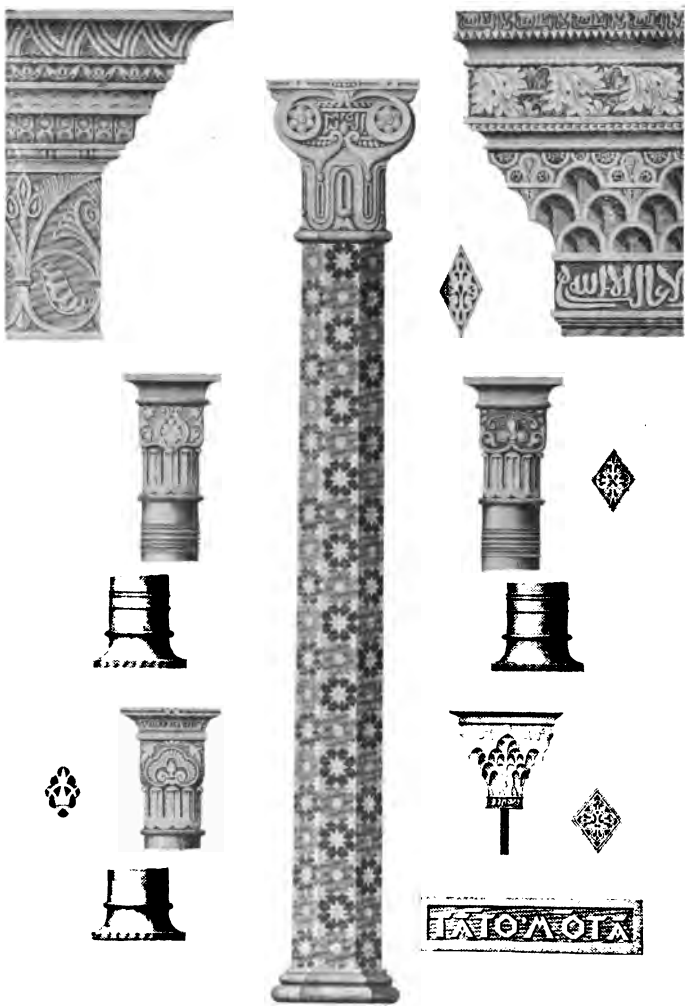

ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS, ALHAMBRA.

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sion again — of distaste for the defiled ruins, infested as they are with swarms of guides, beggars, touts, and tourists. My final opinion was that I would admire the Alhambra more if all the people in it were swept out with a broom.

While still within the Alhambra walls, the gushing tourists, the sordid custodians, and the mercenary guides are apt to impress one unpleasantly. Often these disagreeable features so distract the mind that one does not do justice to the beautiful Arabian architecture. In fact, the continual importunities of guides and touts, the dumb mendicancy of the state-paid custodians, the loud laughter and shallow chaff of inane tourists, and the ceaseless snapping of kodaks — all these have a tendency to put one in anything but an appreciative frame of mind. Every time I visited the Alhambra, I was conscious of going away disappointed.

But after we had left Granada, and the sight of itching palms, the sound of vacant laughter, and the clicking of cameras were no longer around me, the beauty of the Arabian

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palace began to grow upon me. And as I looked back, it mellowed in my memory, and took on a retrospective beauty. All travelers know the curious aerial perspective that even a little lapse of time can give to their experiences. They soon forget the annoyances and remember only the pleasant phases of travel. Were it not for that, no one would ever travel twice. Take sea-sickness, for example — it must be a most distressing malady; yet its impressions are so evanescent that the most sea-sick people forget it utterly before they have been half a day ashore.

So I forget how sick the Alhambra riff-raff made me — I am ashore; and if I ever said anything detracting in any way from the Alhambra's beauty, I hereby formally retract, recant, and withdraw the same, by bell, book, and candle.

Washington Irving's signature is in the great Alhambra register where visitors have inscribed themselves for the last sixty or seventy years. It is said that his signature is still to be found penciled on the wall of the mosque near the Comares Tower, but if it once was

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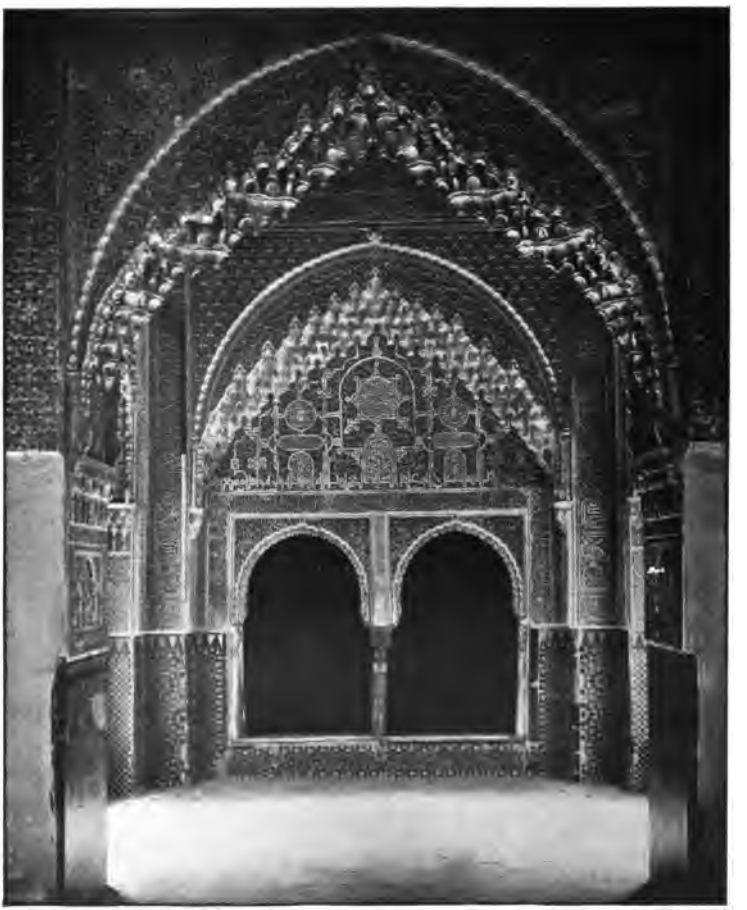

WASHINGTON IRVING'S LINDARAJA WINDOW.

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there it has disappeared. The guides now know nothing about it. Irving, by the way, is generally called "Washington" around the Alhambra, and most of the natives seem to think that he was the general commanding our revolutionary army.

One day I heard a soulful lady importuning a guide to show her the Irving autograph on the wall; he would cheerfully have accommodated her, but there had been no autograph there since he was born. Still she was so soulful, and yearned so for the autograph, that I wrote one myself for her in pencil near where she was searching. When the soulful lady found it she burst into such a torrent of emotional rhapsody that I felt more than repaid.

Later, in the Torre de la Vela, this same soulful lady pointed out to her companion a blank white wall down in Granada, which was covered with round black spots.

"Look," she cried, enthusiastically, "look at those apertures! Evidently they are shot-holes — probably made by cannon-balls fired in the wars waged by the Moorish kings with Ferdinand and Isabella. Is it not quite too interesting?"

It struck me as being so, particularly as the

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shot-holes were so clear and sharply defined. They seemed a little recent. So I asked our guide Juanito what the black spots were.

"Those round black spots, señor?" said he; "oh, that is a hat-factory, and those are new *sombreros* hanging up in the sun to dry."

Among the various things which offend one at the Alhambra are not only the touts, guides, and beggars, but the advertising signs. For example, as you drive up to the great gateway of the old Moorish palace, with its stone hand and key, you see such signs as these:

"PLATES DEVELOPED AND PRINTED."

"DARK ROOMS FOR THE USE OF AMATEURS."

"GROUPS PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA ON MODERATE TERMS."

"VISITORS ARE REQUESTED TO COMPARE PRICES AND QUALITY OF OUR GOODS BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE."

"ENTRANCE TO THE BEAUTIFUL ART ROOMS OF GARZON, PHOTOGRAPHER."

The vulgar love of the commonplace and the horrible, found wherever tourists go, seems to run riot in the Alhambra. The guides are ever pointing out to tourists the

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GYPSY DANCERS AT GRANADA.

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"blood-spots" in the Court of the Abencerrages — which are not blood-spots at all. The guides seem to memorize only errors. For example, Washington Irving mistook the word "lindaraja" (itself a corruption of *daraxa,* a "vestibule") for the name of a Moorish maiden, "Lindaraxa." This error he has poetically preserved in his "Alhambra." None the less, it is a blunder. But the guides will not have it so. They utilize the maiden Linda whom Irving coined out of nothing, and her ghost will doubtless walk the Alhambra halls forever.

Our guide in Granada, Juan de Lara, was a handsome, cheery young chap, about twenty years old. Juan had a smile and a word for everybody. If he met an old woman on the road, she was Tia Josefita —"Aunt Josie." If he met an old man, he was Padre Juan. Even when he was poking fun at these venerable friends they called him "Juanito" or "Johnny"—no one ever seemed angry at him. The gypsies, too, were Juanito's friends, for he took us over to the Albaycin, or gypsy quarter,

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where we witnessed the famous gypsy dances about which you have heard so much. Like most of the things about which you have heard so much, they were stupid. They were not even "voluptuous," to use a Chicago Midway phrase, and I was gratified to hear from Juan that the tourist who crosses the river at night to be shocked by the "obscene dances" in the gypsy quarter of Seville, always comes away with a flea in his ear. These dances are quite decorous, and if the tourists express any discontent with the length of the female gypsies' skirts, the guides point significantly to the length of the scowling male gypsies' knives. In the cafés of Seville, tourists can always get imitation gypsies to give gypsy dances to their taste — such dances as are sometimes given at queer banquets in the United States, where "Bella Fatmas" and other ladies, light in morals but heavy in adipose, perform the *danse du ventre* at the end of the banquet for the delectation of befuddled pork-packers.

We were sincerely sorry to bid good-bye to Juan — he was so handsome, so happy, so young. I asked him if he had served his time in the army, and for the first time his countenance fell. He told me that he would be eli-

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gible for conscription next year. Poor devil! He will then have to spend two or three of the best years of his life acting as valet to an officer or chambermaid to a horse.

Those who intend to travel in Spain should be warned that they will not find English and French so generally spoken as in more frequented parts of Europe. In the big Paris hotels, and in other large cities of France, the manager always speaks English fluently, and most of his office assistants speak it well; the head-waiter always speaks English, and generally some of the waiters also. The waiter on each floor generally speaks English, and acts as interpreter to the chambermaids and valets when they do not. In Italy, a similar condition of affairs prevails in the large cities, with the addition that hotel-managers and hotel-waiters also speak French, and nearly all of them German.

In Spanish cities, no such condition of affairs can be found. At Barcelona, our hotel-manager spoke very indifferent English and a little French; his assistant, a little French

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and no English; the door-porter spoke English fairly well; the head-waiter spoke very little English, and French fairly. At Madrid, the manager of the Hotel de Paris spoke English and French fairly well. At the Hotel de la Paz, the manager spoke fair English; his assistant spoke no English, and very indifferent French; the housekeeper and the book-keeper (a woman) spoke French fluently, but no English; the head-waiter spoke no English, and only a little French; the door-porter spoke no English, and very indifferent French. At Cordova, the principal hotel, the Fonda Suiza, is kept by two brothers; being Swiss they are linguists, and they spoke very good English, as well as French, German, Italian, and Spanish. At Seville, the manager of the Hotel de Madrid, a German, spoke good English, as well as French and Spanish; the head-waiter spoke no English, but some French; the door-porter knew no English, and spoke very indifferent French; none of the waiters or other servants in the hotel spoke anything but Spanish. At Granada, at the Fonda Alameda in the city proper, even the hotel-manager knew no English, and spoke very indifferent French; none of the other ser-

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vants, including the door-porter, spoke anything but Spanish. This hotel, however, is distinctively a Spanish *fonda;* the Hotel Washington Irving, on the Alhambra hill, which is more frequented by tourists, has a manager who speaks English, but even there most of the servants speak only Spanish.

By the way, in these Spanish hotels one notices a marked difference between France and Spain in the matter of toothpicks. In the first-class French hotels, nowadays, the toothpick is therapeutic, prophylactic, and artistic. On the tables one sees porcelain holders, containing what look like cigarettes; in reality, they are quill toothpicks, of uniform size, carefully selected; the quills are first sterilized, and then the points are dipped in an antiseptic fluid; when dried, the toothpicks are inserted in little cylinders made of tough white rice-paper, the ends are sealed, and they are ready for use. Some diseases of the gums, like pyorea, are said to be prevented by these precautions. In Spain, on the other hand, the toothpicks are clumsy bits of wood, like matches sharpened at one end. They are called *palillos* ("little pickets"), and they are aptly named.

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While we were in Granada it was difficult to believe that we were in Southern Spain, the nights were so intensely cold. During the day the temperature was agreeable, and, for a couple of hours after midday, more than warm. But toward sunset the thermometer suddenly dropped, and between midnight and dawn the temperature was arctic. Granada itself is at an elevation of half a mile, and is surrounded by ranges of lofty mountains, which at this season were snow-clad. The winds which whistle down their flanks in winter are icy enough to chill an Eskimo.

Elsewhere I have given the venerable jibe which the Madrileños fling at their climate. The natives of Granada have modified the sayings of Seville and Madrid. Seville says: *"Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla"*—"who hath not seen Seville, hath not seen a marvel." Granada varies Seville's saying thus: *"Quien no ha visto Granada, no ha visto nada"*—"he who hath not seen Granada, hath seen nothing." As a rider to the Madrid maxim, that its climate is "nine months winter, three months hell," the Granadans say: "There are only three months of the year when Granada is fit to

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live in." When you ask which those are, they reply, pithily: "The other ones."

The Granadans evidently have no false ideas about their climate. In winter, it is an arctic air, under a tropic sun. So with many places in Southern Europe.

When I was a school-boy, there were, among the many things I did not understand, two that were particularly incomprehensible to me. The Magnetic Pole and the Golden Number were the fatal two. The Magnetic Pole of the earth was utterly beyond me. I never knew what it was for, and I never could settle where it was. It seemed to me to be ever drifting around our globe like the Wandering Jew. I suppose that nowadays it must have moved off the earth completely, for I have utterly ceased to hear of it since I was a school-boy, and that is some years ago.

So with the Golden Number. I never knew exactly what it was for, except that when you multiplied or divided it by other numbers it did freakish things. For example, if you multiplied it by the age of Julius Cæsar

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when he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, it told you the difference between the Gregorian and the Julian calendars. If you subtracted it from the bissextile, it would tell you why there is no twenty-ninth of February every other four thousand years.

Or something like that — I was always a little bit hazy about the Golden Number. So with the Magnetic Pole — I never understood why it moved around. Of late years, as I say, I think that scientists have moved the Magnetic Pole off the earth, and that it is the Arctic Pole which is now moving around.

At school, there was a big boy who had the seat next to me. His name was Jimmy Massey, and he was a large fat boy with pop-eyes. We small boys used to call him " Pop-Eyed Jimmy " behind his back — never to his face, after he had licked one small boy for this opprobrious term. Although a big boy in bulk and brawn, Jimmy was not big in brain — hence his position in the same class with us small boys.

One day, Jimmy turned to me after the geography lesson, and whispered:

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"Will you never give it away if I tell you something?"

I promised.

"Criss-cross?" he demanded.

"Criss-cross," I replied, solemnly.

"I'll lick you anyway if you do," he said, threateningly.

I professed my fealty.

Lowering his voice to a thick, fat whisper, Jimmy gurgled into my ear:

"I don't believe the world is round!"

I was awed — dazed. Pop-Eyed Jimmy gloomily enjoyed my stupor, and then proceeded to prove to me that the world is flat. He demonstrated it in the most convincing manner, and was only embarrassed — as have been other great prehistoric scientists before him — by failing to tell on what the flat earth rested.

Years have passed since then, and I have never heard of Jimmy Massey. He may be in the State Prison, and then again he may be in politics. From his daring and untrammeled spirit I think he must have become an arctic explorer, like Nansen, the Duke of the Abruzzi, and Mr. Peary, of the North Pole.

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Such a Galileo would never be satisfied unless he demonstrated his belief.

I do not go so far as "Pop-Eyed Jimmy," but I freely confess I do not believe the North Pole is in the Arctic Circle. I believe that it is in Southern Europe, that it is not far from the Mediterranean, and that it lies somewhere between the Pillars of Hercules and the Golden Horn.

Once I nearly froze to death in Naples. Once I piled all my rugs, my overcoat, and a mackintosh on top of my bed in Athens. And here in sunny Spain I for the first time became cognizant of bed-warmers and warming-pans — objects which to me had hitherto been purely literary. I had read of them in story-books, but supposed they were figments, like the Phœnix and the Dragon. Now I know that they exist; and, since I have slept in these shivery Spanish beds, in these refrigerator Spanish bedrooms, in these vault-like Spanish hotels, I bless the man who invented warming-pans. As you go along the gloomy corridors of these sepulchral caravanserais, your foot-falls echoing through the arches above you, with a bone-searching cold rising up from the stone floor under you, you see

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rows of hot-water bags, coyly clad in red flannel, hanging by the awkward door-knobs of the clumsy Spanish doors. At first you say: "Is this hotel occupied only by invalids?" No — you speedily find that they are not invalids, but that, to prevent *rigor mortis* setting in during the night from the extreme cold, they take hot-water bags to bed with them.

In the larger cities of Northern Europe, the landlords have been forced to heat their hotels. They did it reluctantly, but they did it. In London, Paris, Geneva, Lucerne, on the Riviera, and in some Roman hotels, you now find central-heating systems. Not so in the smaller hotels of Southern Italy, of Spain, of Greece, and of the Levant. There the unfortunate tourists slowly freeze.

So I believe that the North Pole is somewhere around the Mediterranean, and when I look back over the lapse of years to Jimmy Massey and his geographical heterodoxies, I have a fellow-feeling for him.

In some of these hotels you occasionally find a queer stove. It would be amusing — if you did not yourself live in the hotel — to see the miscellaneous way in which the top of the stove is used. Guests come to warm their

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hands, and go away, leaving their gloves on the stove. They set down books, hats, flowers, and packages there. In the dining-saloon the waiters put dishes of food on the stove while serving — not to heat them, but using it merely as a table. I have noticed, however, that they never leave the so-called "warm" dishes there — perhaps they fear they might get cold; or perhaps, on the other hand, they fear they might get hot.

The landlords of these cold hotels display a touching solicitude about the stove. Every man has his weak point. Some millionaires hate to pay for postage-stamps. The landlord of a European hotel often spends half of his time trying to keep the servants from putting too much fuel on the fire. To prevent Americans and other pyromaniacs from meddling with the fuel, they often keep the coal-bin locked. It is a touching spectacle to see a group of Americans shivering around a little stove; to see the servant enter, take out a key, and unlock the coal-bin; to see the freezing Americans grow excited as he puts two or three spoonfuls of coal in the stove, and then locks the bin again; to see the gimlet eye of a Granada landlord fastened on him from the

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office; then to see the hapless Americans sink back into their overcoat collars, and wish they were " back home in God's country."

As an instance of the desperation to which these cold hotels drive people, I once, in a Levantine hotel, saw an elderly spinster seat herself in front of the stove in the men's smoking-room with her hair down, while an elderly female friend gave her a dry shampoo. To the suggestion of the scandalized servants— Mohammedan males — that she should finish this intimate toilet operation in her own room, she replied briefly that she had found the only warm place in the hotel, and she proposed to finish the shampoo there. Which she did.

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The City of Seville

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The City of Seville

WHOSO," says the Spanish proverb, "hath not seen Seville, hath not seen a marvel" — *Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla.* Seville is a pretty city, but not a marvelous one. Still, I have noticed that the natives of European cities do not scruple to exaggerate slightly in singing the praises of their birthplaces. A favorite expedient is to coin a fulsome phrase thereanent, which in time becomes a saying, at last perhaps a proverb. So with Seville. So more markedly with Naples, whose dictum, "See Naples and die," is known all over the world.

We Americans are a very practical people. Why should we not adopt this old-world custom, and modify it so as to suit it to our usages? We could coin some phrases which might not only be attractive and alliterative, but would have a distinct advertising value.

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I would suggest, for a starter, these:

"Look at Los Angeles and locate."

"Shake Chicago and cheer up."

"See Seattle and settle."

It is possible that some of my readers may know as little of Seville as I did when I went there, so I will jot down a few bald facts for them. The city, which contains about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, is the capital of Andalusia. It is situated in the midst of a vast plain, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, about sixty miles from the sea. This river makes Seville almost a seaport, as the tide rises and falls at the quays, along which lie sea-going vessels drawing sixteen feet of water. The country round about is very fertile, and Seville is the centre of a district producing large quantities of oranges, olives, wine, olive-oil, cork-bark, and cereals. The old city is Moorish in its architecture, and the houses are dazzlingly white. It is the seat of an archbishopric, and contains one of the most beautiful Gothic cathedrals in all Europe. It has an Alcázar and other Mauresque buildings, including the beautiful Giralda Tower. This has served as a model for towers all over the world, among them the

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AN ARCADE OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

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tower in the Madison Square Garden, New York, and the clock-tower at the foot of Market Street, San Francisco. Seville has a fine Columbus Library, containing many priceless MSS. and other works relating to the discovery of America, some of them annotated by the great discoverer's own hand. There is a fine picture gallery, the Museo Provincial, containing canvases by Murillo and other Spanish masters. There are numerous churches with some good pictures, several palaces, and the celebrated tobacco-factory which figures in the opera of "Carmen."

Altogether, there is much to see in Seville. One should first climb the Giralda Tower, to get a bird's-eye view of the city; the parks are pretty, and well worth a visit; then there is a pleasant drive-way, the Paseo de las Delicias, running by the river's bank and through the gardens of Santelmo, now called "The Maria Louisa Park"; the gardens were presented to the city of Seville, by the Infanta Maria Louisa, only a few years ago. These gardens, by the way, were originally part of the grounds of the Palace of Santelmo, the property of the late Duke of Montpensier, one of the Franco-Spanish Bourbons, a son of

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Louis Philippe, brother-in-law of Isabella II., and husband of the Infanta Maria Louisa. On his death, in 1890, she gave the palace to Seville for a seminary, and on her own death, in 1897, she bequeathed the gardens to Seville for a park. This Montpensier was mixed up in the famous intrigue known as "The Spanish Marriages." The aim of this palace plot was to marry Isabella to her cousin Don Francisco d'Assisi, whose lack of virility was notorious. Thus the foxy Louis Philippe hoped, through their barren union, to win for one of his sons the throne of Spain. How Isabella defeated his schemes is also notorious.

Not many years ago, Enrique de Bourbon, a member of the royal family, publicly insulted his cousin Montpensier, whom he disliked intensely. Both men were elderly, both were wealthy, and both were of royal blood. Hence every effort was made to prevent a duel. But all attempts were fruitless; they fought with pistols, and Enrique de Bourbon fell at the first fire, shot through the brain.

Montpensier lived the rest of his life a broken and gloomy man; the Spanish populace never forgave him for killing his cousin, Enrique. Neither would they have forgiven

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Crossing the Triana Bridge, Seville.

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him had he shown the white feather — which shows the logic of the duello.

This slight excursion into history may be pardoned when I say that it is merely to throw light on what follows: whenever we passed the Palace of Santelmo I could not get any guide or coachman to utter a word about this famous duel. They did not deny that it had taken place, when I pressed them, but they would say no more. Once, in Vienna, I met with similar rebuffs when I tried to make our cicerones talk of the mysterious death of Rudolph of Hapsburg and Marie Vetsera. But that topic, at that time, was not without danger in Vienna. In Seville, it was not so — this was only a duel, and almost ancient history, at that. But still the natives would not talk of it.

To return to Seville's sights: There are many shops, containing wares of more or less interest; pottery-lovers go to Triana to buy pots; lovers of sensation cross the river to the gypsy quarter, to see the dances there; book-lovers go to the famous Columbus Library. There are many questionable attractions, like

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"The House of Don Juan," "The House of Figaro, the Barber," and "The House of Pilatus." Then there is Seville's Alcázar, which does not compare with the Alhambra, but is a Moorish palace of interest; connected with it are the charming old gardens of Maria de Padilla.

If you are in Seville during Holy Week, there is much to see, for those who are fond of religious functions. But tourists should be warned that to stop in Seville during Holy Week means much discomfort, great crowding, and extortionate charges. The minimum price in a good hotel during Holy Week is twelve dollars a day for room and board. This is a little startling when one considers that there are English and American colonists in Seville who keep house comfortably, almost luxuriously, for a maximum of about fifty cents a day.

Among the "historic houses" of which I spoke so doubtfully but now, tourists flock to that of Don Juan Tenorio, which was the name of the gentleman who inspired Mozart and Byron; the house ascribed to him is in a quiet street near the San Leandro. Beyond the Plaza of St. Thomas is the shop where

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A Street Scene in Holy Week, Seville.

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Figaro, the famous Barber of Seville, is said to have lived. Another house of interest is that of Murillo, on the Plaza de Alfaro in the Juderia, the ancient Jewish quarter. This house is authentic — the great painter died there, and the room where he died may be visited. He was buried in the adjacent church of Santa Cruz.

A much lesser man is buried in a much grander church. Fernando Colon, son of Columbus, is buried in the great cathedral of Seville. Two caravels are carved on his slab in the cathedral floor. He gathered the Columbus Library, which is in the cathedral annex. Fernando died in 1586, and on his memorial slab is the legend, "To Castile and to Leon, Columbus gave a New World"—which words are also found on his father's monument.

It is in the baptistry of the Seville cathedral that one sees the famous Murillo, "St. Anthony of Padua"—famous partly because it is one of the world's great pictures, partly because it was once cut from its frame in 1874, and carried to New York, whence it was recovered.

Let me turn from these cold facts to a burn-

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ing one — the tobacco-factory. I wish to remark that of all the shocks to romance, all the disillusions that I have suffered, the Seville tobacco-factory is the worst. How it has been apotheosized in song and story! As I write, I seem to see a long line of Carmens ogling a battalion of Josés — I see Minnie Hauk, once the most famous Carmen on the stage; Marie Roze, a very bewitching one; Emma Juch, striking, despite her flaxen hair and German face, which gave to her gypsy a Dutch instead of a Spanish air; I see Emma Calvé, probably the best of them all, with a red rose in her raven hair and another between her scarlet lips, which she gives to Don José — the flower, I mean — that is, first; the lips later. And when I thought of all these stage beauties, these opera divas; when I walked around the Seville tobacco-shop, and gazed upon its occupants; when I saw the dirty babies, the unclean mothers, and smelled the smells, of which tobacco was the most merciful as choking off the others; when I thought of all the legends about the pretty cigarette-girls of Seville, with their jealous lovers, their gay guitars, their castanets, and their daggers in their garters; when I thought

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of all these things and gazed on these thousands of tired, sallow females, most of whom are middle-aged, many of whom are old, and all of whom are ugly — when I saw these things and received these shocks, I fled from the work-rooms to the court below. Like Peter, I went out into the court-yard and wept bitterly.

The streets of Seville are almost as narrow as those of Toledo, and the streets of Toledo are so narrow that on practically all of them vehicles are tabooed. On many of the Seville streets they are also prohibited, it is true, though not on all. But on many of the important streets it would be impossible for two vehicles to pass, so on these streets carriages are permitted to pass in one direction only. At the corners of these streets arrows are cut in the stone house-fronts, with the words "ENTRADA DE CARRUAJES" or "SALIDA DE CARRUAJES"— the arrow pointing in or out, as the case may be. Thus, only an inattentive driver will turn into a street where he may meet carriages coming the other way.

One day we had such a driver. He had

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not gone far when there was trouble — we met a handsome brougham, with coachman and footman, in a street not more than nine feet wide. Fortunately, a slit-like alley ran into the street a few rods away; into this alley the brougham was backed so that our cab could pass. A severe police-officer at once took down the name and badge-number of our faulty cabby, and the number of his vehicle, also making copious notes concerning his high crime and misdemeanor. I was afraid this peace-officer would subpœna us, but he mercifully refrained. During his inquisition our cabby turned and gave me a melancholy wink, as who should say, "Come, now — stand in and help me out of this." But I set my face sternly in the other direction. To my mind the cabby had not a legal leg to stand on. We had ordered him to take us to the House of Murillo, and had not restricted him as to route. He was going according to his own sweet will, and the route he took probably ended in the police court, for he told me he had been summoned to report next day to the "Tribunal."

This police-officer who booked our cabman was very modern in equipment, and not at all

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A Cul-de-sac in Seville.

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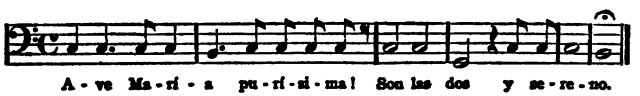
mediæval. He was evidently a daylight Dogberry. The night-watchmen, or *serenos,* smack of the dark ages. The *sereno* is not found in all the Spanish cities nowadays. We heard none in Madrid or Barcelona. But in Seville, although it is a large and busy city, the sound of the *sereno's* voice is still heard at night. He chants "Hail, Mary, most pure! Two o'clock has struck, and the weather is clear."



It is rather a curious cry, sung to a lugubrious strain.

The duties of the *sereno* are manifold. Among other things, he assists weary gentlemen who have stayed out too late, unlocks their doors for them, and generally makes it easy for them to get to bed without awakening Mrs. Nemesis. He carries a large bunch of clashing keys at his girdle, which keys open all the street-doors on his beat; he thus fills the functions of guardian angel in his ward. In Paris, once upon a time, certain cafés used to hire a functionary, called "The Guardian Angel," whose duty it was to escort clients

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to their domiciles when overcome with good cheer. In Seville, they do better — they keep a guardian angel in each bailiwick or ward.

Although I know very little about the geography of Seville, I know that the city is a compact one; with its population of about one hundred and fifty thousand, it covers a space as large as the Mission at San Francisco. Therefore, if I wanted to go anywhere in a hurry in Seville, I would drive clear around the town, and come in by the nearest street to my destination. If San Francisco were like Seville, the space between the foot of Market Street and Golden Gate Park would be a labyrinth of narrow, crooked lanes. The quickest way to traverse that distance would be to drive around the sea-wall and North Beach, and come in to the park by way of the Presidio. I thought this plan would work in Seville, but I did not communicate my ideas to the Sevillanos. Probably they know how to run their own town.

It must not be supposed that all of the Seville streets are narrow. Some of them are

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wide — quite wide enough for a single-track tram-line, but never for two. There are no double-track car-lines in Seville. The roads all run up one street and down another — if there is any "up" and "down" in that very crooked city. How the natives ever learn where the electric lines run is to me a mystery.

There is one wide thoroughfare in Seville known as the "Sierpes"— so called from a prehistoric tavern sign-board with serpents on it. Fancy an American gin-mill dubbed "The Snakes"! The Sierpes is a great shopping street, the Broadway of the city. It must be fully seven yards wide. No vehicles are allowed on this street — not even donkeys.

Critics may object to my calling donkeys "vehicles," but they certainly perform most of the vehicular functions in Seville, where nearly all the streets are too narrow for wheels. A donkey, with laden panniers on either side, going along a narrow Seville street, will fill it so completely that foot-passengers squeeze themselves into doorways to let the donkey pass. It is curious to see well-dressed men going along these dark and crooked lanes, dodging donkeys. Toward midday, these citizens are numerous — evi-

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dently professional and business men "going home to lunch." As they enter the prison-like houses, one sees, through the iron-grated doors, glimpses of *patios* or court-yards filled with palms and shrubs. These *patios* are often very handsome, with tessellated floors and tiled walls. Not a day did we pass through Seville streets that I was not forcibly struck by its resemblance to Pompeii — the narrow, winding streets, the entrances and courts, the *ostium,* the *atrium,* the *impluvium* — all these things were almost exactly the same, although the houses in the modern city are not so small as in the ancient one.

The only houses in Seville which seem to have abandoned the ancient fortress-like fashion of excluding the gaze of the outer world, are the club-houses. There are a number of clubs in Seville, for it is a rich and luxurious city. They are found in various narrow streets, although the leading clubs seem to be on the Sierpes. Clubs are comparatively modern institutions in Spain, and they have adopted the fashion set by the clubs in Piccadilly and other West End London clubs — that of large windows almost flush with the footway, whence the members can survey the street at

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GROUP IN THE GATE OF A DUCAL PALACE, SEVILLE.

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their leisure, and the man in the street can survey the members at his ease. In Seville, this fashion has a somewhat odd effect. In the windows of the richly furnished clubs on the Sierpes, for example, one sees the members lounging, drinking, smoking, chatting — among them many officers, who in Spain seem to have more time than anything else. On a street only a few yards wide such an array puts the club members almost out in the street. Its effect in mediæval Spain, where all the other houses are barred and bolted like fortresses, is even the more singular.

There are immense fair-grounds at Seville, where every year a great fair is held. There are the sheep and cattle shows, the booths, the restaurants, the toy-shops usual at all fairs. But an unusual feature is the erection of booths, which are occupied during the fair by Seville's upper ten. These booths are fitted up with rugs, furniture, pianos, lamps, clocks, and ornaments, all brought from the luxurious houses in the city. In these booths the Seville Four Hundred call upon one another, exchange society small-talk, and listen to Miss Sevillana playing her star piece on the piano. They even indulge in ball-room

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dancing in these booths, while the populace of Seville file through the fair, gazing goggle-eyed at their betters amusing themselves. These sights we did not see, leaving Seville just before the fair began; but it all seemed quite probable, much resembling the scenes on the Sierpes with the populace gazing into the club windows.

Readers of the Pickwick Papers will remember that Mr. Pickwick once met a Mr. Peter Magnus, who told Mr. Pickwick a funny story about his habit of signing notes to friends "Afternoon," from "P. M.," the initials of "Peter Magnus." "It amuses my friends very much, Mr. Pickwick," concluded Mr. Magnus.

Mr. Pickwick (remarked the Chronicler of the Pickwick Club) could not help envying the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were amused. Correspondingly, I have often been struck by the ease with which the people in European countries are amused. In Paris, a hundred thousand people go out to Longchamps for the Grand Prix race, and half a million people go out and line the roads on their return to see them come back. In Rome, at the feast of the "Divino Amore," five

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A Poultry Pedler, Seville.

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thousand people go out on the Campagna to a spot where once stood a temple to Venus and hold a picnic, while fifty thousand go out and line the Appian Way to see them return. In Madrid, this peculiarity is even more marked — on the Puerta del Sol many hundreds of people stand around and do nothing outdoors, while other hundreds sit indoors or lean from balconies to watch them do it. And in Seville the idle rich sit in clubs and cafés on the Sierpes to watch the lower classes walk by, while the lower classes walk by to watch the idle rich sitting in clubs and cafés on the Sierpes.

The Alcázar in Seville has been described so often and copied so frequently in America that it is a thrice-told tale to tell of it. But it is interesting, although I fear that it has been "restored" to such an extent that the original architect would hardly know it now. When we visited it, there were artisans at work all over the place, repairing damaged places in the stucco, putting in modern tiling, etc. A close inspection would always show a difference between the new work and the

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old. One notes a peculiar quality, a color-tone, an iridescence in the ancient tiling that is far from equaled by the new. But I detected so much of this patchwork all over the walls that I must confess my interest in the Alcázar grew somewhat languid. I was more interested in the architectural ensemble of the buildings than I was in the minute details of stucco-work and tiling; the quaint old close called "the Gardens of Maria de Padilla" seemed also very charming — old gardens always are. They are probably more modern than Moorish, but I fancy it would be hard to tell, in the Alcázar of Seville, what is Moorish and what is modern. I purchased a book on the Alcázar by a Spanish antiquarian and archæologist, Don Rafael Contreras, who strives through his three volumes to prove that the Alcázar was really the work of the Christian kings Pedro the Cruel and Henry the Second. He admits, however, that they employed Moorish workmen, but pleads in extenuation that the workmen had become "converted to Christianity." (Spanish methods of conversion were effective — and expeditious; I fear Don Rafael has no sense of humor.) The Spaniards have always labored

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FAÇADE OF THE AYUNTAMIENTO, SEVILLE.

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to take as much merit from the Moors as possible. But waiving this question, unprejudiced antiquarians believe that the Alcázar of Seville was a Roman building long before the Moors came into Spain, or that a Roman building stood there, part of the walls of which were utilized by the Moors.

We were taken around the Alcázar by an aged custodian who spoke only Spanish, but occasionally interjected what he thought was our native tongue. He believed that we were French — for no reason except that the lower-class Spaniards think that as most tourists who come from the north naturally come from France, they therefore are French. As all lingoes were alike to him, he supposed that the English we were conversing in was French. The name of Spain's great emperor has in nearly every language its own numeral. Unlike "Sigismund super grammaticam," who passed into history as having failed to change a gender, Charles changed an ordinal. For example, he is called in Spain "Carlos *Quinto*," although the Spaniards rarely use the ordinal numbers; in French he is called "Charles *Quint*" instead of "*Cinq*." As the aged custodian had occasion to use the em-

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peror's title frequently, he would repeat after the Spanish term the words *"Sharla Keen."* I asked him what language it was, and he replied with some surprise that it was French.

It is remarkable how diverse are the customs and dialects of Spain. The names for some every-day objects seem to differ in the large cities. Here is a case in point. All over the world, the most commonplace article of food is bread. The Barcelona bakers sold several odd kinds of bread under various names — among them *pan de sopa,* and *pan duro* or *pan de borracho.* This latter bread was rather to my liking, being something like German "bread-sticks," but hard as stone. It is excellent dipped in the Spanish chocolate, which, by the way, is a curious beverage — thick, muddy, very sweet, and highly spiced. They did not have the *pan duro* at our hotel in Barcelona; they had only the *pan de lujo, or* "luxurious bread," intended for rich people and foreigners. So I used to purchase the *pan duro* at a bake-shop for my breakfast. One day I stopped there in com-

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pany with a fellow-guest. He wanted to know what the bread was called. I asked the shop-woman, and she replied *pan de borracho,* which I translated for my companion as "drunkard's bread." "But what does it *mean?*" quoth he. Again I turned to the baker-lady, who gave me a voluble explanation, of which I understood about one word in five. Boiled down it amounted to this: That the bread was used by the men of the people for dipping in wine; that sometimes they lingered long over the wine-cup, and kept dipping; that they frequently took more bread than they needed, and a great deal more wine than was good for them; hence this bread, commonly called *pan duro,* was metaphorically called *pan de borracho,* or "drunkard's bread," because conducing to intoxication.

My friend looked at me with an amused smile. "Sure you've got it right?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know," I replied, doubtfully, "that's what I think she is saying."

He laughed heartily. "Well, she's either giving you a fill, or you're giving me one. I don't know which," said he. "Guess you didn't understand her yarn. Own up, old chap!"

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I said nothing, but I breathed hard. The next morning I inveigled my doubting friend into interrogating the head-waiter, who spoke a little English, and the dialogue ran something like this:

Doubter—"Waiter, what do you call this kind of bread?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir. Very good. All right. Dat bread we call him *pan duro* — sometimes *pan de borracho,* for de workingman he dip him in de wine — drink too much — get drunk."

I looked at my doubting friend, but said nothing. Silence at times is more eloquent than words.

I carried some of this bread to Madrid with me, and tried to buy it there, but they had never heard of it. I produced a piece. I believe in object lessons. No use describing things when you can show them. The attempt of a philosopher to tell a plumber how to make pipe-connections when "hose-butts," "taps," "faucets," and "plugs" all mean different things, and mean different things to plumber and philosopher, is rarely a success. Correspondingly, any attempt to discuss, in the abstract, bread with bakers would fail.

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So I showed it to them in the concrete. They inspected it curiously — they said they never had seen bread like it before. Yet Barcelona is only a night's journey from Madrid.

In the Madrid bake-shops I found a kind of bread which the bakers called "English biscuits," although I never saw anything like them in England. They were delicious. I took some of them to Seville. The Seville bakers examined them curiously. They had never seen them before.

In Seville, the bakers had a kind of rusk which they called *lenguas*. I carried some of them to Granada. The Granada bakers had never heard of them and had never seen them before. Yet Granada is only a day's ride from Seville.

In explanation of this large bread transportation, I may say that in Spain it is always well to carry a basket of luncheon with you on a railway journey. Sometimes there are eating-stations, and sometimes there are not.

In more than one Spanish city we found that the cathedral cloisters enclosed gardens

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in which took place those romantic rendezvous of which poets for centuries have sung — the meetings of lovers. Sometimes the lovers would be of humble rank, in which case the young woman would be alone — except for the companionship of her lover. But it was not infrequent to see the meeting of some young lady of position with her favored swain — a distinguished-looking *caballero,* or perhaps a dashing young officer. In that case the young lady would invariably be accompanied by her dueña — sometimes a sour-faced old woman, sometimes a more pleasant-looking maid-servant. But in every case the dueña, in a mantilla, stood close to the young woman's elbow — so close that it was impossible for the most ardent lover to pour sweet nothings unnoted into his sweetheart's ear.

These meetings in the quiet cloisters of old Gothic cathedrals, encircling stone-paved court-yards filled with primly trimmed orange-trees, certainly had picturesque backgrounds. But they can not be compared with the meetings of lovers in our more favored land.

The cathedrals in these old Spanish towns are generally surrounded by serried masses

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of stone buildings — so closely heaped up against them that it is often almost impossible to view a fine cathedral, for lack of room to recede from its façade. In fact, at times it is difficult even to find an enormous cathedral, with its mass of subsidiary buildings, such as the archiepiscopal palace, the sacristy, the baptistry, the cloisters, etc., owing to its being buried in a labyrinth of tall, gloomy, and squalid buildings situated on noisome, narrow lanes. One day we had just come out of the cloister and crossed the cathedral yard in Barcelona. We emerged on a lane not more than ten feet wide, across which was a handsome ancient portal bearing a coat of arms, with mitre and crook. I asked a little girl what building it was. *"El palacio del obispo,"* she responded. "So that is the bishop's palace," I said; and as we hastened up the lane I clung to my nose, and congratulated myself that I was not the bishop of Barcelona. He has too many bad smells around him for them to be overcome by the odor of his sanctity.

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During our stay in Spain I was impressed by the remarkable number of labor strikes. At Seville, the shoemakers were on strike. At Santander, the coal-miners. At Barcelona, the printers, the dyers, and other artisans were striking for a nine-hour day, and matters were growing squally; when we left there, the civil governor had just ordered the closing of the labor-union headquarters. At Reus, between Barcelona and Saragossa, the factory-hands were out on strike to the number of many thousands. At Madrid, some three thousand carmen were on strike. At Coruna, the factory-hands were out. At Vigo, the railway tram-crews and yard-men were striking. At Gijon, the cotton-factory operatives had struck, and the mills were closed. At Cadiz, the bakers, the iron-workers, and the carpenters began a strike, which was extending to all the trades; the dock-hands then struck, tied up the shipping, and precipitated riots which it required the military to suppress.

A writer in the *Epoca,* one of the more thoughtful of the Spanish journals, speaking of this situation, said: "The condition of labor in Spain would seem ominous, were it not that it is almost identical with that in the

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United States." The remark was certainly a pregnant one. Here are two countries, one a monarchy, the other a republic; one old, the other young; one growing, the other decaying; one poor, the other rich; one retrograde, the other enterprising; one ignorant, the other enlightened; one priest-ridden, the other free as air; one controlled by an hereditary king, the other by representative assemblies. Yet in both the conditions of industrial unrest are ominous, and in both they are almost identical. Manhood suffrage (with a free ballot) is usually looked upon as a panacea for all governmental ills. The most radical labor-leaders in Spain would at once accept this as beyond their wildest hopes. Yet we possess it in the United States, and it has not cured our labor ills.

In the sacristy of the cathedral there are some fine Murillos. There once were others, which left Seville about the time that Marshal Soult did. When the worthy marshal made his profitable campaign through Spain,

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he heard that two fine Murillos had been secreted by the sacristan of the Seville cathedral. He sent for the sacristan, and chatted with him so pleasantly that in the course of an hour or two the paintings were on their way to the marshal's modest lodgings in one of the royal palaces at Seville.

Years afterward, when Marshal Soult was in the habit of showing to his guests his fine collection of paintings — a gallery gathered from all the capitals of Europe — he would always say, when they had finished gushing over the Murillos: "Yes, and in addition to their artistic merit, these pictures have an especial value to me, for they once saved the life of a very worthy man." The marshal meant the Seville sacristan.

In the sacristy we saw the famous silver *custodia.* It is twelve feet high, made in the form of a temple, and requires twenty-four men to carry it in the religious pageants. There are also a number of authentic relics in the sacristy, among others a piece of the True Cross. From the number of pieces of the True Cross one sees all over Europe, it must have been composed of several thousand feet of lumber. Among the other objects of

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PUERTA DEL PERDON, SEVILLE.

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value in the rich treasures of the cathedral are many silver candelabra, gold and silver crosses, reliquaries, and sacred vessels for the communion service. I was rather surprised that Marshal Soult, when he carried off the cathedral pictures, did not carry off the silver candlesticks as well. But to vary a French proverb concerning the most beautiful girl, the most thrifty warrior can steal no more than he can carry off.

A courteous priest showed us the relics and vestments. These latter, which are of the most gorgeous description, date from the fourteenth century to the twentieth. The priest told us that no modern needle-women could equal the wonderful embroideries on the ancient vestments. These vestments were hung on pivoted arms in large wardrobes. Thus they could be swung out like the leaves of a gigantic book.

I asked the priest if he knew of any book about the Seville cathedral that I could buy. He replied that instead of a book on the cathedral, I had better buy a book about books on the cathedral, and then take my choice. He sent an acolyte for a copy. The boy speedily returned. It turned out to be by one

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of the cathedral chapter, and is entitled "A Bibliography of the Cathedral of Seville." It contains 594 titles. Imagine a building of such age, of such magnitude, and of such architectural beauty, that about it there have been written 594 books!

One day, as we were walking around Seville's magnificent cathedral, our eyes were suddenly arrested by an imposing monument in the south transept — a monument not set down in the guide-books. We approached, and examined it. To my surprise, I found it to be the monument to Columbus which stood for years in Havana, Cuba, where many American tourists have seen it. It is made up of four figures of heroic size, representing the kingdoms of old Spain—Castile, Aragon, Leon, and Navarre. Each figure is clad in a herald's tabard, on which are the heraldic symbols of its kingdom — palies for Aragon, chains for Navarre, lions for Leon, and castles for Castile. These are all merely my

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COLUMBUS'S TOMB IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

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impressions, and they may be erroneous ones. I do not know who the sculptor was, or what was his design. The four figures bear on their shoulders a sarcophagus, in which repose the ashes of the great discoverer. Under the sarcophagus are the words:

"A Castilla y a Leon
Nuebo Mundo dio Colon."

["To Castile and to Leon Columbus gave a new world."]

This is an old story — here is the new one. The old monument stands on a new pedestal, recently erected by the city of Seville, which brought the monument hither from Havana. All this is shown by an inscription which runs like a belt around the base of the pedestal. It reads thus:

"*Cuando la ingrata América se emancipó de la Madre España, Sevilla obtuvo et desposito aqui los restos de Colon, y su Ayuntamiento erigo este pedestal.*"

"When ungrateful America [Cuba] cut loose from her Mother, Spain, the city of Seville secured and entombed here the ashes of Columbus, and here she erected this pedestal."

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In the center of the pedestal — like the buckle of the belt — is the ancient symbol of Seville, the characters:

This is a kind of rebus: the figure-eight knot in the middle is called a *madeja,* and reads into the two syllables *no do,* forming the sentence *"No me ha dejado,"* or "She has not deserted me." These words, tradition says, were the utterance of Alfonso X., when Seville, alone of Spanish cities, remained loyal to her king.

There is something touching about the inscription on the pedestal. By the irony of fate it is the "ever-faithful isle," as the Spaniards once called Cuba, which the faithful Seville reproaches under the term "ungrateful America."

The pedestal was designed by Arturo Media, and the monument was installed in the cathedral of Seville but a little while ago.

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Those people who look upon sherry as a fixed and invariable element like water — or as such people prefer to call it, "sherry wine"—will be interested and perhaps surprised to learn that in the sherry district of Spain there is more than one kind of sherry. The sherry district, by the way, is spelled "Jerez" on the map, and "sherry" is the way it sounds as the first Englishman tried to pronounce it. "Vinos de Jerez" is the way it is put on the hotel wine-cards, and there were over forty kinds of Jerez on the wine-list at our Seville hotel. Connoisseurs who are further along than those who say "sherry wine" may believe that "Amontillado" means a single brand or vineyard. I counted fourteen Amontillados on our hotel-wine-card. There were some high-priced wines on the list — that is, high-priced for Spain, where wine, it is humorously said, is cheaper than water; certainly, in some places, it is easier to get. But the sherry marked "Cabeza, 1750, twenty-three pesetas a bottle" was evidently not of the cheap kind. There were many sherries of 1845, 1846, and 1847 on the wine-list, but at lower prices than the 1750 vintage. An excellent bottle

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of sherry could be purchased for about forty-five cents. The wine of Jerez at home is a light, dry wine, neither so sweet nor so strong as the "fine old London Dock Sherry," and "old brown Duff-Gordon Sherry" which seem to constitute the Englishman's idea of excellence, and which Spaniards say are blends of alcohol, sulphuric acid, and burnt sugar. As the Spaniards make "sherry" for the Englishmen, they ought to know. But they carefully refrain from drinking the sophisticated product themselves.

While driving through Seville's narrow streets one day, we discovered an old-fashioned house bearing a small tablet which said:

"Here was born Gustavo Becquer, a son of Seville."

How many strangers know who Gustavo Becquer was? Yet he was one of the most gifted sons of Spain, and he lived and died within the last half-century. He was poor,

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sensitive, proud, and a poet, and he may be said almost to have starved to death. During his lifetime he was not appreciated; but, now that he is in his grave, all Spain delights to do him honor. Seville, his birthplace, is so proud of him that she has named a street "Becquer."

For years I have had on my shelves an abridged copy of his works, printed in Spanish by the Appletons, of New York, for South American circulation. But I never had seen his complete works until I went to a Seville book-seller's, where I was told they were for sale in several editions. We secured one in three volumes as a Seville souvenir. I turned at once to one of my favorite poems, and can not forbear quoting a few lines of it, just to show, to those who do not know him, what manner of writer Gustavo Becquer was:

"Por una mirada, el mundo;
Por una sonrisa, el cielo;
Por un beso—yo no sé
Que te diera por un beso."

Here is another fragment:

"Los suspiros son aire, y van al aire;
Las lagrimas son agua, y van al mar,
Pero el amor olvidado—dime, mujer, a donde va?"

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In his passionate love-poems, his finished technique, and his musical rhythm, Becquer at times reminds one of Tennyson.

We were on the Tower of the Giralda at Seville. The uneven roofs of the ancient cathedral lay far beneath us; these odd, rolling roofs look not unlike the sad-colored waves of the Atlantic on a gray day, when there is neither wind nor sea, but the usual monotonous heave and swell. The Atlantic's waves often look like molten lead, which has rapidly cooled while the crucible was being moved about; on the surface the lead assumes a dull, cold hue. The heavy opaque waves seem at times to have suddenly set in the pent-like shapes they assume; shut your eyes and open them every ten seconds, and you seem to see exactly the same waves in the same positions in which you saw them a cable's length astern. So seemed the uneven and rolling roofs of the nave, the transept, the chapels, and the choir of the great cathedral — as if they had been tossed up like the ocean's waves and suddenly

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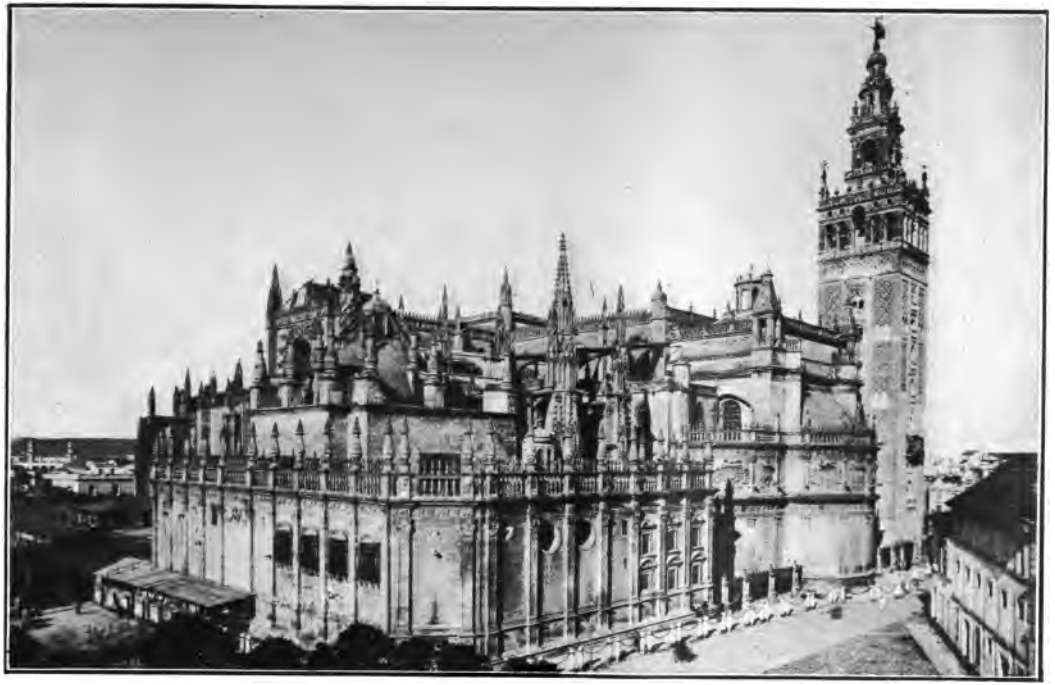

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

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solidified. This odd seeming is of course due to the manner of laying the roofs over the groined arches of the many dependencies around the nave — the Royal Chapel, the Major Chapel, the Sacristy, and other chapels.

From the lofty tower we were gazing down into the Court of Oranges and the cathedral-yard, from which uprose the flying buttresses, curiously foreshortened by our great altitude. The day was ending, and the sun was sinking in the west. It was not a fiery but a placid sunset. It did not remind one of the sunsets of Salvator Rosa or Turner, but rather of the restful landscapes of Millet or Corot. Seville lies in the centre of a vast savanna, through which runs the winding river Guadalquivir, bent like a silver bow. Behind us, in the east, the moon was rising, quivering, gibbous, in the dusky twilight air; before us, the sun was setting, a round red ball just touching the horizon's rim. So had I often watched it sinking into the bosom of the Pacific beyond the Farallones. Hundreds of doves were circling and cooing around the tower. Off to the right lay the city of Seville, out of whose flat white roofs peeped an occasional church-spire, while in the middle foreground, be-

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tween us and the setting sun, rose the venerable Golden Tower. The city's flat-roofed houses seemed a solid mass—so narrow are the Seville streets that they were imperceptible from the belfry where we stood.

Just for the whim, we counted the minutes that it took the round red ball to sink—from the moment its edge touched the horizon till it should disappear: exactly two minutes and a half. Just as the last faint pencil of red light lay on the dark line of the distant Sierra Morena, behind which the sun was setting—just as this faint pencil shimmered, quivered, and disappeared, we heard the sound of a bell.

"Ah," said I, sentimentally, "evidently that is the Angelus. Soon all the bells in Seville will sound; from every steeple will pour forth the Christian call to prayer, even as there echoes from the minarets of Islam the Muezzin's cry to the Mohammedan faithful." And I paused, thinking I had said rather a neat thing.

"Clang!" the sound came again. *"Clang! Clang!"* it was louder. *"Clang! Clang! Clang!"* It was not only louder, but it seemed to be approaching. What could it be?

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TORRE DEL ORO, SEVILLE.

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setting sun, rose the
city's flat-

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Just at this moment, out of one of the invisible Seville streets, there whisked a trolley-car around the base of the Giralda Tower—a plain, ordinary, common, electric tram or trolley-car, with a trailer attached—a trolley with a trailer, just as you see them in Chicago. And the motor-man was banging his bell at an automobile, whose driver was blowing his horn at the trolley, and auto and trolley just missed colliding.

Alas! — it was very modern. Thus modernity mocks at mediævalism. I sighed as we descended the Giralda Tower.

When again we climbed the Giralda Tower it was to bid farewell to Seville, although we did not know it then. It was again a beautiful summer-like afternoon, but all the days and nights were beautiful while we were in Seville. It was earlier — the great tower-clock had not yet struck four. Again we leaned over the parapet of the lofty belfry, and watched the wheeling doves. From below rose the faint sound of a bugle, and out

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of an imperceptible street marched a tiny column of toy Spanish soldiers, their legs swinging quickly, about one hundred and twenty steps to the minute; at their head marched a bugle-corps, sounding the now familiar quickstep which we heard in Madrid and all over Spain. Rapidly they marched by San Fernando Square, and soon were lost again in the mass of buildings.

The blind old custodian of the Giralda began to babble to us—oddly enough, he knew us by our voices, from the couple of visits we had already made to the tower. He was telling us of the many years he had been there as boy, as bell-ringer, as custodian—more than half a century.

I had noticed several small boys scampering around the belfry balcony, and turned to point to them, asking the old man if they were his grandsons—for he told me he lived in the tower. But just as I was about to speak, all the bells in the belfry seemed to burst into sudden clamor—two men and all the boys were ringing them. Evidently the boys were being coached by the men: the heavier bells were started by the men, and then the older boys would seize the ropes and keep the bells

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GIRALDA TOWER, SEVILLE.

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in motion. Of the two smaller boys, one was swinging the smallest bell, while the smallest boy of all was sounding a deep bass note in the chime with the largest bell of all. This bell did not swing, but was fixed to its frame; its clapper was moved by a powerful lever, spring, and trigger. This bell, worked by the important small boy, emitted at metrical intervals a ponderous and mournful note.

But the other small boys! — anything like their gymnastics I never saw before. These daring youths would tug at the ropes, and when the whirling bells turned somersaults (which they did at regular, rhythmical intervals) the small boys would be shot into the air at the ends of the ropes, some fifteen feet or more. Some of these bells, be it remembered, measure from the top of the movable frame to the rim of the bell about ten feet, hence the flight of the ringer on the ropes would be about double the height of the frame and bell. One particularly daring youth leaped (or flew) clear to the top of the frame, alighting with both feet on the inverted bell-frame; then, as the giant mass of metal, with a gurgle in its iron throat, paused, wavered, trembled, and tumbled over on

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the other side, he leaped, but this time outward. With the next whirl of the bell he shot forth into the outer air, coming back at the end of the tautened rope safely to the parapet. And all these astounding gymnastics took place amid the clamor and the clangor of the bells. One's eyes were bewildered with the flying figures, one's ears were deafened with the iron clangor, one's whole body thrilled and vibrated in unison with the throbbing waves and pulsations of sound.

Amid it all sat the blind old man, on his face an enigmatic smile. "I can no longer see, señor," he muttered, when the ringing ceased. "I can no longer see, but I can hear the bells. Ah, the bells!" And his fingers caressed the ropes on which so lately were suspended the flying figures of the boys. It was strange to think that this blind octogenarian had himself as a little boy been whirled and dangled and suspended in mid-air from these same venerable bells.

As we left him, I cried cheerily: "*Hasta la mañana*"—"Good-by till to-morrow."

He corrected me: "No, no," said he, superstitiously, "do not say *until to-morrow*

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—to-morrow might not come. Say always *hasta otra vez*—'until another time.'"

So I obediently corrected my farewell.

The old man was right. In traveling, one never knows what to-morrow may bring forth. We had intended on the morrow to pay our farewell visit to the Giralda Tower. But when the morrow came, we were over the mountains and many miles away.

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